# TRAVELS IN AMERICA

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# AMERICA.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO

THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO AS A HOME FOR WORKING MEN.

BY

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# INTRODUCTION.

DURING the last thirty years, it has been my lot to be introduced by hundreds of chairmen to as many congregations of my countrymen, varying in numbers from twenty up to as many hundreds. On the present occasion, I purpose introducing myself, believing that there will be very few among my readers who will not be, less or more, acquainted with my history.

Friends and fellow-countrymen,—The reasons of my intrusion upon you at this time, and through the medium of this little book, may be very briefly stated. For several years previous to 1868, Mrs Easton and myself had made up our minds to visit America, for the purpose, principally, of seeing how it fared with our two sons—Douglas and Fergus—who for fourteen and sixteen years respectively had been resident in that part of the world, and whom during all that time we had never seen. Leaving us as they did, when they were mere boys in their teens, we were anxious to see them, and hear their voices once more before we were called hence to be here no more. Accordingly, in the month of May, 1868, immediately after the Annual Meetings of the Scottish Temperance League, Mrs Easton,

accompanied by our youngest daughter—Isabella—sailed from Glasgow in the s.s. Hibernia, and seventeen days afterwards reached New York. Our arrangements were that I should follow them in October, but, alas! we little know what a day may bring forth. By a sad family bereavement our plans were so far thwarted, that instead of leaving in October I did not get away until the middle of December.

After my return from America, in September, 1869, I found that a great number of my working brethren at home were anxious to learn all they could about Upper Canada, or as it is now called, "The Province of Ontario." Having spent nearly six months travelling up and down that "Province," and having picked up a considerable amount of information which might be useful for those intending to adopt it as their future home, I resolved to publish a brief account of my visit to America, with special reference to the "Province of Ontario." That is the reason why once more, through the medium of the Press, I present myself before my many friends, trusting they will overlook my literary failings, and give me credit at least for the sincere desire to do them good

# TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

## CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE—ARRIVAL—PORTLAND—BELLS—NEAL DOW—PROHIBITION—RINGS.

I SAILED from Liverpool in the s.s. Austrian, on the 17th December, 1868. We had a good ship, an excellent captain, and, considering the season of the year, we had upon the whole a very fair passage. I was not troubled with sea-sickness. Under the circumstances being entirely idle, I thought it the best policy not to give my digestive organs much to do, and was rewarded by not being annoyed with having to attend to stomach complaints. It was to me both surprising and amusing to see how very little mercy some of my fellow-passengers had upon their stomachs; no wonder that in some instances that organ rebelled against its owner, and the doctor had to be called in to suppress the rebellion. It did appear to me as if some of the passengers were afraid that they would not get enough for their money. It might have been well for their

own digestive organs, and certainly more profitable for the company, if all such parties had been put under a "limited liability bill-of-fare."

After we had been pitched and rolled about on the bosom of the Atlantic for nearly twelve days, I awoke from a sound sleep on the morning of the 29th December about six o'clock, and felt that we had either arrived at our destination or had cast anchor in very calm water. I sprang from my "berth" as if instead of threescore I had been only thirty years of age, and I can assure the reader there was very little time spent by me that morning at the toilet table, a practice of which I was never guilty; indeed, for the most part of my life I had not, properly speaking, a thing of the kind at which to kill time. On the morning referred to, I donned my habiliments with more than ordinary despatch, so that a few minutes after I awoke I was standing on deck, thankful to find we had arrived at our destination in safety. The city of Portland lay right before us, and while looking around upon its land-locked bay, I was reminded of Lerwick in the Shetland Islands.

Portland is the capital of the State of Maine, and the home of Neal Dow, who, as most of my readers are aware, is the author of the "Maine Liquor Law." On the evening previous to our arrival he had been addressing a meeting in the city upon that subject, and had time permitted, I certainly would have taken the liberty of calling upon him during my stay.

I cannot describe what strange feelings I had when, for the first time in my life, I opened my eyes

upon a piece of old mother earth, over which our most gracious Queen Victoria did not rule. I almost expected to find the trees growing with the wrong end uppermost—and every thing in a topsy turvy condition. However, after I had been on shore for a short time and mingled with our cousins, I found out, what I should have known before leaving home, that humanity is very much the same on the other, as it is on this side of the Atlantic, with the exception of a few surface differences that are very noticeable, such as "*guessing*, *calculating*, and *fixing*." It is true, they have not a king or queen to rule over them; but they have a personage who serves the same purpose, though called by a different name—President. During the short time I was amongst them, the idea was forced upon my mind that it would be greatly to their benefit, if instead of changing their king or president, as frequently as many a working man can afford to get a new coat, they were to retain him much longer in office. It may be all very well to elect a Chief Magistrate for a town or city for three or four years, and then set him aside for another; but it is a very different thing—as it appears to me—in reference to the head of a great nation like America. Before a President is well installed into office, and has done little more than get things into working order, he must, unless re-elected, abdicate in favour of another; and when he abdicates, all government officials, from himself down to the country post-master, must do the same thing. Such policy appears to me to be as bad as if a farmer were to lay it down as a rule to dismiss

his steward every four years, and along with him all his subordinate servants. However, our cousins know best what suits them, and for me to find fault with their proceedings, or venture to suggest an improvement, is nothing short of presumption.

On my arrival at Portland I was anxious to learn if the Liquor Law was respected in the city, or if it was a difficult matter for a stranger like myself to obtain intoxicating drink. Don't let the reader imagine that I had any thought of buying—far less of drinking—any of the deceptive drug; but so many conflicting reports, every now and again, had come across the Atlantic, that one did not know very well what to think. I was anxious, therefore, to see for myself how matters stood, and expressed my anxiety to Captain Wyllie, knowing that he had frequent opportunities, when residing in the city, of knowing all about the matter. "Well," said the captain, "the time was when it would have been difficult for you or any stranger to have obtained such drink in Portland, although it could always have been had by those who knew the way how; but for some time past the law has not been so strictly enforced, so that at present you can have as much drink at the bar of any of the hotels as you choose to pay for. After breakfast," he added, "I will go ashore with you and introduce you to parties who will tell you the same thing; and—what is more—you will see for yourself that to obtain intoxicating drink is a very easy matter."

At the time we arrived in Portland bay, old mother earth was covered with a carpet of white, and when-

ever that occurs on the other side of the Atlantic, all vehicles that at other seasons run up and down upon wheels—with the exception of railway cars—doff them, and are there and then transmogrified into what our cousins call "slades and sleighs." Accordingly, when we arrived, Portland may be said to have been off its wheels. After breakfast, the captain and I went ashore, and the first person who paid any attention to me was the custom-house officer, who informed me, in a very courteous manner, that he would require to see into my portmanteau. I said, "You are most heartily welcome to do so. It is choke full of the best of temperance teaching, by Joseph Livesey, of Preston, who gave me a present of a few hundreds of his 'Staunch Teetotaler' upon condition that I would make the best use I could of them, and upon condition that you will do the same thing, I will make you a present of a few dozen copies." "I guess I shall do that, sir; I am an abstainer myself, and have often heard of Joseph Livesey." I presented him with two or three dozen copies to distribute among the men about the docks, and he and I were at once very familiar friends. He did not bother me by asking to see into any other box or bag.

When I went ashore it was not with me as it was with the gallant "six hundred" at Balaclava. Our poet describes them as having "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them," and before all was done, "cannon behind them." It was very different with me when I arrived in America. All such instruments of death had ceased to send forth

their deadly missiles, and had retired to the various pleasure grounds of the towns and cities throughout the country, and were there resting in peace and quietness. May the time never come again when there shall be any cause for their terrific voice being heard anywhere in the "great republic." But when I went ashore, there were bells to the right of me, bells to the left of me, bells in front of me, and bells behind me. It was to me a confusion of bells; almost every horse had one or two hung to its neck, and if not, it was sure to have from ten to twenty small ones hung over its back, all for the merciful purpose of giving poor wanderers like myself, who have, not unfrequently very much against their will, to drive "two-in-hand," timeous warning to get out of the way, and not be trampled down. The idea was suggested to my mind that all the bells that had ever done duty at either tavern, tap, or bar-room, had been, under the pressure of the "Maine Law," transferred from their original destination and hung to the necks of the horses, and were now being used as a means of preserving life, and not, as previously, of destroying it. After Captain Wyllie had introduced me to various parties, all of them confirming what he had told me—that drink could be had at the bar of any of the hotels—we went and spent some time in looking through the city. I was not so much surprised at what I did see as at what I did not. Among all the signboards—and there were thousands—I did not notice one announcing where "a thirsty soul" could be supplied with intoxicating drink, and that to me, direct from

Scotland, was not more gratifying than strange. Were Glasgow to awake some morning and find herself in a similar condition, she would no doubt feel rather queer, and I trust would be disposed, after repeating her motto, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word," to send for her superintendent of police and order him there and then to dismiss, at least, three-fourths of her police force, and at once advertise three-fourths of her prison accommodation to be let for warehouses. From the absence of such signboards as those referred to, I concluded that temperance sentiment must stand pretty high in Portland, and no doubt it does. The great difficulty, however, in the way of carrying out a prohibitory law in all such places, is the great influx of strangers having no sympathy whatever with our movement; but who, on the contrary, believe "drink" to be a good thing, and being both able and willing to pay for it, will have it in defiance of any law. Until men are convinced that alcoholic drink is a bad thing as an article of diet or common beverage, and in degree sustains the same relation to the healthy organism of man as does the poison of dragons and venom of asps, it will not be an easy matter to persuade them of the justness of a law which comes in any way between them and that drink.

After we had satisfied ourselves in surveying the external "lions" of the city, we went to the "Plymouth Hotel," and had an opportunity of looking through its many extensive and well-furnished apartments, and were ultimately shown into its "billiard-room," where there were at least from twenty to thirty

billiard tables. At one end of this magnificent room, there was a "bar" twenty feet long, behind which there stood a man selling drink to all who were willing to pay down any part of the "almighty dollar." I asked the gentleman who had accompanied us, if they were not afraid that at any moment they might be pounced upon for such an open violation of the law? He replied, "Why, I guess they are pounced upon, now and again. The proprietor of this hotel was cleared out a few days ago; but then, you know, they don't keep a large stock on hand, and as the loss is not great, they just go on selling as if nothing had occurred."

I have heard it said that the safest time to travel by railway is for a few months after there has been, what our cousins call, a "tarnal smash." Even so, the rum-sellers in Portland probably considered the safest time to sell drink was a few months after having been "*cleared out*," presuming that the myrmidons of the law would not trouble them again for sometime. "Well," I said to myself, "if this is not altogether what it should be, and far from what I had been led to expect, it is as well that the officers of law should now and again exercise their power in clearing the 'bar' of the drunkard's drink, as in clearing the high places of Bacchus every night, at a given hour, of drunkards, while they leave unmolested the deceptive decoctions of that jolly god."

The reason, however, as I afterwards learned, why drink could be so easily obtained in the year 1868, notwithstanding a prohibitory law on the statute book,

was, that in the beginning of that year, by some kind of political dodging—I apprehend that there is more of that kind of work among them than even with us —the *rum ring*, for political parties are called *rings* with them, succeeded in the spring of 1868 in depriving Maine of her "state constabulary"—that is, men appointed by the state, whose duty it is to enforce the prohibitory law. To speak figuratively,—the State of Maine, when I first stepped on her soil, had an excellent engine, and plenty of water and fuel, but she had dismissed her driver and her fireman—hence, however perfect the engine, there was no person whose special duty it was to get up the steam, and therefore, practically, it was of no great value.

In the beginning of 1869, however, the "*prohibitory ring*" succeeded in getting back the "state constabulary," and long before I left the country, the "bars" in Portland and throughout the whole State were again closed, and although, no doubt, drink might still be obtained, it was only by those who knew the way how.

During my stay in America, there was a temperance convention held in Chicago. At the convention there was a number of very sanguine temperance reformers, who seemed to have arrived at the conclusion that they had only to say, "let this or that be," and immediately it would stand fast. This party would have "a ring" formed, consisting of men pledged to sink all other political considerations, and to give their vote only to the man sound on prohibition, no matter what might be his political creed

otherwise. From a paper sent me very shortly after my return home, I noticed that the State of Maine had to elect a governor, and that the "ring" referred to, put forth a candidate for that office;" called upon all temperance reformers to throw behind their back, for the time being, all other political considerations, and vote for their candidate, on the ground that he was a sound prohibitionist. The result was, that out of 80,000 votes, their candidate obtained only 4200; and, as I think, served them right. I say so, not from any want of sympathy with prohibition, but because of a deep-rooted belief that, as temperance reformers, we could not more effectively damage our cause, and prejudice parties against us, whose support we must obtain before we can be triumphant, than by adopting such a line of policy. Other things being equal, I would certainly give my vote to the man who would go for the destruction of the traffic by every legitimate means; but most assuredly I would never pledge myself to sink all other political considerations, and give my vote to any political ignoramus like myself, who might be able to do little more than cry "PROHIBITION—PROHIBITION," in preference to a man like Duncan M'Laren, though not a prohibitionist.

## CHAPTER II.

MASSACHUSETTS — TEMPERANCE — PROHIBITION — REPORT OF COMMISSIONER WELLS—AN EDITOR'S OPINION—BREAKERS AHEAD—WARNING.

WHEN I arrived in Massachusetts and had got a little time to look about me, I found that in reference to "prohibition" that State was somewhat different from Maine. Massachusetts in 1868 lost her prohibitory law, but had retained her "state constabulary," and was under a licence law. When the prohibitory law was repealed in favour of licence, it was enacted that any township might refuse to accept the licence law and hold fast by prohibition; only in that case commissioners were bound to licence so many places in each township, so that drink might be had for necessary purposes. Of course, there are men who consider that there is positively no necessity for such drinks, unless it be for preserving objects of natural history; but thousands in America, as well as at home, hold a very different opinion. Conversing one day with Mr Haven, editor of "Zion's Herald," he said, "In the township of Malden, where I reside, we refused to accept the licence law, or, in other words, we voted 'No Licence.' But what about that? We have fourteen places where drink is sold. We know of no middle course here between prohibition

and free trade in drink, because we find that if A obtains a licence, we cannot by all our logic convince B that he should not have one as well; and if he does not obtain one, he just goes to work and sells right and left and takes the consequences. There, for instance, is one of the wealthiest men in Boston, who used all his influence to obtain a licence law, and when obtained, he, instead of taking out a licence to sell drink, opened three of the lowest grog-shops we have in Boston, and sells right on, and we are powerless. We cannot now imprison a man for such conduct. All that we can do is to fine him, but he pays the fine and goes on with his diabolical work; hence our determination to have back our old prohibitory law, under which we were much more able to restrict the drink traffic."

If statistics prove anything, it is not surprising that our friends in America go in for what they call a prohibitory law, because their statistics, as I read them, do most conclusively prove that such a law is better adapted, in their hands, for restricting the traffic than any other legal instrument they ever tried. Let me invite the reader's careful attention to the following statements:—In the "Annual Report of the Constable of the Commonwealth," for the year ending December 25, 1868, the Reports of the Chief of the Police, Boston, are referred to as furnishing means for comparing the six months from April to October, 1867, when the prohibitory law was in force, with the corresponding six months of 1868, which include the first four months under the licence law. The result is as follows:—From the 1st of April to the 1st of

October, 1867, the number of arrests for drunkenness was 6690; while for the corresponding six months of 1868—including only four months under the licence system—the number of arrests was 8053, showing an increase of 1363. We may thus summarise the general results, as gathered from the above and other official reports:—Increase of drunkenness for six months of 1868, over the corresponding six months of 1867, 1363; increase of criminal arrests, 248; increase of station-house lodgers, who are generally partially intoxicated, 3838; total increase, 5449.

The above is certainly very damaging to a licence law, when compared with a prohibitory one, and equally so is the following extract from the report of the Massachusetts Temperance Prohibitory Alliance for 1868.

The Committee in their report say, "From the Report of Commissioner Wells laid before Congress last January by Secretary M'Culloch, we gather statistics which confirm the foregoing. Mr Wells furnishes an official statement of the retail liquor trade in the different Cities and States of the country. This Report embraces other articles than liquors, which licensed rum-sellers may have sold. But as this applies equally to all the Cities and States, it will not interfere with the comparison which we purpose to institute.

"In Massachusetts, the sale of the retail liquor dealers, during the year ending June 30, 1867, amounted to 27,979,575 dollars, or very close upon twenty-eight million of dollars, which is about 23

dollars per head, calling the population in round numbers 1,250,000—one million two hundred and fifty thousand. During the period in question, the Prohibitory Law was in operation, *and quite well enforced in most of the towns in the State.*

"In the same year, the State of Rhode Island sold at its 'bars' to the amount of 10,234,249—ten million two hundred and thirty-four thousand two hundred and forty-nine dollars, which is about 45 dollars per head, calling the population 225,000. Rhode Island has what is called a 'stringent licence law,' and she sold nearly twice as much liquor per head under it as Massachusetts did under Prohibition.

"Compare California with Massachusetts. Commissioner Wells, in his Report, states that in 1867 California retailed liquors to the amount of 59,924,090—fifty-nine million nine hundred and twenty-four thousand and ninety dollars, which is about 157 dollars per head, counting the population at 380,000, or more than six times as much as Massachusetts sold per head under Prohibition.

"As Maine—the first Prohibitory Law State—has enforced her statute better than any other State, the comparison with her is still more damaging to the licence system. The sales of Maine amounted to 8,257,015—eight millions two hundred and fifty-seven thousand and fifteen dollars, which is scarcely 13 dollars per head, calling the population 650,000. So that California, under a licence law, sold more than thirteen times as much as Maine per head.

"It is the same with all the States. The report of

Mr Wells shows unmistakably that much larger quantities of liquor are sold in the licence law States than are sold in those where Prohibition is adopted.

"Without pursuing details, we may state that the retail sales per head are as follows in the several licence States mentioned:—Missouri, 46 dollars; Maryland, 59; Wisconsin, 56; Pennsylvania, 50; New Jersey, 63; New York, 62. None of these States sold less than twice as much per head as did Massachusetts.

"Compare the three following Prohibitory States with four licence States possessing, in the aggregate, about the same population.

"Massachusetts, Maine, and Vermont, all Prohibitory States, with an aggregate population of 2,250,000, in 1867 sold liquor in retail to the amount of 42,022,655—forty-two million twenty-two thousand six hundred and fifty-five dollars.

"New Jersey, Rhode Island, Maryland and Wisconsin, all States under a licence law, with an aggregate population of 2,225,000, sold liquor in the same year to the amount of 137,084,457—one hundred and thirty-seven million eighty-four thousand four hundred and fifty-seven dollars. More than three times as much sold under licence as under Prohibition.

"Thus the facts from other licence law States confirm the experience of Massachusetts, the past year, as we have endeavoured to show by reliable testimony. We venture the assertion, that the difference between

our Prohibitory and the Licence States named, is but a fair illustration of the actual working of Prohibition and Licence, as far as tested all over the world."

The reader will notice that in the above extract, by comparing themselves with themselves, our friends make out a very clear case in favour of a Prohibitory Law; but, really, it does not appear from the statistics given that Prohibition is much better in America than Licence is in Scotland. Let us compare Massachusetts with Scotland. In 1847 Massachusetts sold liquor in retail, to the amount of 23 dollars per head of her population. But there were other things included in the returns of Commissioner Wells than drink, such as cigars and tobacco of every description; these then must be subtracted from the whole amount, in order to see what they spent on drink. The Rev. Mr Thayers, Secretary to the Massachusetts Prohibitory Alliance, said—That if three-sevenths were taken from the total amount, the remainder would be pretty near the value of drink sold, only, he said, it was very difficult to get at the exact amount, inasmuch as the person licensed had to pay fifty dollars, if he sold so many gallons, and a hundred dollars, if he sold so many more, so that it was more than probable that the returns would be below, rather than above the mark. If we subtract three-sevenths from 23 there will remain 13. Thirteen dollars in 1867 were worth £2 of our money. According to Commissioner Wells, then, in the State of Massachusetts, under a Prohibitory Law, and that law quite well enforced in most of the towns, there was liquor sold in retail to the amount of

two pounds sterling per head of the population. That is, ten pounds per family, counting five to a family.

But according to the most reliable statistics, the families of drunken licensed Scotland, did not, in 1867, spend more than that amount upon intoxicating drink.

I could not say I was glad to find that our Transatlantic cousins spent so much upon drink, but I was glad to find that, notwithstanding the bad name we have long had for drinking, we were not much worse than those who have made a greater noise about their sobriety. After getting hold of their own drink statistics, I embraced every opportunity of reminding them of their duty—to walk softly, and not be saying much about the drinking propensities of auld Scotland.

Lest, however, it be thought by any one that I misrepresent the state of matters, in reference to the amount of money spent upon drink by the Americans, I give the following statement by one of themselves—an editor of a Boston newspaper:—

"The following figures, quoted from the official returns of Commissioner Wells, give us the amount of money which the retail rum-sellers of the United States swear has been paid to them by the people of the nation, for liquors sold at retail by them in the year 1867. How much more they sold secretly, that they did not swear to, is known only to God who keeps the dark account, and who says, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth the bottle to his mouth until he is drunken also.'

"Taking the whole of the States, the liquor sold in retail in 1867 amounted to close upon fifteen hundred

million of dollars—a sum more than equal to one-half the principal and annual interest of the public debt. That sum if applied to the payment of the debt, would redeem it all in gold in two years. The amount of money paid by the consumers of this drink, in three years, would equal the entire debt of the Union, and of all the States, and all the cities, counties, and towns in the United States. The people of the single State of Illinois pay for liquor a sum almost equal to the annual interest of the national debt.

"Included in receipts of sales from liquor-dealers, are such sums as may have been received for cigars at their bars, which do not exceed the value of liquors imported, or purchased wholesale by consumers, and the sum of sales by establishments which either make no returns or fraudulent ones.

"During the last year of the war, when the United States had one million of men on its pay-roll, when it was paying two prices in a depreciated currency for food and clothing, and for labour, and for material of war, the total expenditure of the Government, including hundreds of thousands of dollars actually stolen, and as much wasted, did not equal the amount of money paid in 1867 to saloon keepers, and other retail liquor dealers by their customers.

"Terrible as these facts and figures are, they give no idea of the actual damage wrought by the hell-born traffic in intoxicating drink. Each single dollar in this vast aggregate may represent incalculable loss. A dollar sunk in the sea is a dollar lost, but a dollar spent for rum may cause the loss of many more.

Each dollar's worth of liquor sold and drunk may represent man's degradation, woman's infamy, and childhood's bitter sorrow. It may represent disease, infirmity, madness, pauperism, and imbecility. It may represent brawls, quarrels, murders, robberies, disasters, shipwreck, and defeats. It may represent the ruin of health, the blighting of hopes, the breaking of hearts, the wreck of homes, the blasting of life, the damnation of hell. Every dollar in this devil's tax is appropriated for crime, sorrow, desolation, and perdition by a sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity.

"A people who pay fifteen hundred millions of dollars annually to retail dealers of liquor and tobacco, who spend perhaps fifty million dollars more for liquors bought wholesale by consumers, who spend a hundred million dollars yearly on cigars and tobacco in other forms, may be held up as patterns and illustrations of the world's progress, and as a promise of the good time coming; but the thoughtful Christian who knows enough of true religion to know the difficulty of converting men to God while their heads are muddled with rum and opium, will conclude that with all the trumpet-blowing and progress-boasting of a proud self-conceited age, we are yet in the same old world that 'lieth in the Wicked One,' and that after the rose-water churchianity and self-praising philanthropy of the age have done their work, and brought in their reports, there may yet be something left that will need a deluge as wide as the waters of Noah, and a conflagration as lurid as the fires of Sodom, to complete the world's regeneration.

"Men and brethren, open your eyes and see where you are drifting. All the churches, chapels, parsonages in the United States would not pay this nation's rum bill for six weeks. Is it not time to stop boasting and go to work?"

According to the opinion expressed in the above quotation, the people of the United States in 1867 spent two hundred million sterling upon intoxicating drink. The population of the United States and of Great Britain and Ireland are much the same. Now, so far as I am aware, we have never charged ourselves with spending upon drink more than one hundred million yearly. Verily, it is full time that both nations should "stop boasting, and go to work;" because, most assuredly, if anything is to be inferred from history, they are both, through their devotedness to the "sensual god, Bacchus," on the road that must ultimately lead them to utter ruin. I hope better things of both nations though I thus write. It is to be hoped there is sufficient "salt" in both to prevent the mass running to corruption, and so to ruin. In the meantime, there is not much room, if they are each telling the truth of themselves, for the one boasting over the other because of its superiority in sobriety.

It is very evident from the official statistics which I have quoted, that the United States charge themselves with spending more money yearly upon drink, than ever Great Britain and Ireland have charged themselves with having spent. But while this is the case, instead of boasting over them, it becomes us to

walk softly, remembering the thousands we have sent them, whom we taught habits of drinking. And, moreover, ours being an old established nation, and possessing, as we have long done, privileges which no other nation ever enjoyed, we ought to have been far ahead in everything that is "honest, lovely, and of good report."

## CHAPTER III.

MASSACHUSETTS — PROHIBITION REGAINED — TEMPERANCE — CHURCH INFLUENCE—THE REASON WHY—MEETINGS HELD—SONS OF TEMPERANCE—MALDEN—ASSABAT—SALEM—LYNN.

In the previous chapter it is stated that in 1868 Massachusetts had been deprived of her Prohibitory Law, and was under a Licence Law. In 1869 she made her escape from under a Licence Law, and once more got under the shades of Prohibition, which, if not very stringent, pleases her better than the other. There is something, after all, in a name.

In reference to the temperance cause in general, I was not surprised to learn that, owing to the four years' dreadful war, it had got into a very disorganised condition.

When at home, I had frequently heard that ministers of the Gospel and Christian people generally, in the United States, were far ahead of such parties with us, in sympathy with, and practical support of the temperance reformation; and what brief experience I had,

confirmed me in the truth of this report. From what I saw or could learn from others, I would say there is scarcely such a thing known as a minister indulging in intoxicating drink. I just heard of one—a D.D. in Boston, and his opposition to our movement was being spoken about as a thing greatly to be wondered at; clearly proving that the rule was for ministers to abstain. It would be something to be wondered at among us, to hear any man express surprise on being told that a minister had been taking wine: the surprise with us is when we hear of one that does not.

When I found that the ministers, with most of their congregations, sympathised with our movement—the majority of them being abstainers—I expressed my surprise to Mr Haven that Massachusetts had not been able to keep and enforce her prohibitory law, adding, that we in Scotland were under the impression, that if our ministers and their flocks were as decidedly with us, we would make very short work with the traffic. He said—"Your impressions may be quite correct, but you must take into account the different circumstances of the two countries. I am disposed to believe that the Christian Church in Scotland exercises a more extensive influence over the people than with us. If I am correctly informed, the Church with you includes all influential men, socially considered, as well as all your men of moral worth. It is very different with us. We have outside the Church a large number of men who, socially considered, have great influence, and who have no sympathy with our movement, but are

opposed to it for various reasons, and, as you may easily guess, they have no difficulty in securing a great many followers from among those who make no professions of Christianity. Then you must remember, we are all politicians here, and one man's vote goes as far as another's, whether he be inside or outside the Church. This state of matters in a great measure explains how it happens that the drink traffic holds its head so high amongst us, notwithstanding that Christian ministers and the Christian people are generally with us in our movement."

Whether Mr Haven is correct in his opinion or not, upon the point referred to, may be difficult to decide; it is, at all events, plausible enough. There is one thing he mentioned that to me was rather ominous, and which I trust we may not experience in this country. He incidentally referred to "*universal suffrage*" as being one reason why they had not been able to maintain a Prohibitory Law as they ought to have done. Now, in this country many of us have thought and said that until the *suffrage* was greatly extended we would never be able to send men to Parliament who would give us anything approaching a prohibitory law. The suffrage is *now* extended, so that almost every man has a vote, which, if he chooses, he may use for that purpose. Whether that will be done or not time will decide.

I will now lay before the reader a brief account of the few meetings I addressed while residing in the State of Massachusetts.

The first meeting was held in Hamlin Hall, Hyde

Park, on the evening of January 13th, 1869, under the auspices of the "Sons of Temperance," who have a Lodge in that town, and of which my youngest son is what we would call President, but from members of the "Order" he has an official title so imposing that, were I to attempt to write it out, my pen would refuse to let down ink. There was an audience of at least 500.

During my two months' sojourn in Hyde Park, I addressed four other meetings, all of which, with one exception, were all I could have desired.

The Order to which I have referred met every Tuesday night, and feeling surprised that my son, who was a regular attender at the meetings, never once asked me to accompany him, I enquired the reason. He laughed, and said, "Why, father, I guess you would not have much patience with our proceedings." "Why that; is there no speaking required?" "Why, yes," he replied, "but not much that you would care about hearing. Don't you know, that yours is the first temperance lecture I have heard since we came to this place." "What, then, do you do at your meetings?" "Why, if there be one or more to initiate, we get that done, and afterwards amuse ourselves as best we can," was his reply.

At the request of Mr Haven already referred to, I visited the township of Malden on the 17th of January, which was a Sabbath, and delivered a discourse in the evening. Mr Edward Uniac, of whom I will have something to say by and bye, accompanied me; we went direct to the residence of Mr Haven, and had an

hour's conversation—principally bearing on temperance. Our conversation, however, on that subject was very different from that which the writer has often enjoyed with our venerable friend Dr Linton of Aberdeen.

In America there was little spoken about except prohibition *versus* licence, or the best means to adopt, in order to out-wit and overcome the "*whisky ring.*" Even ministers when they engage in prayer at any meeting, plead more with God that He would take a dealing with the hearts of law-makers, so that they might pass laws to crush the traffic, than that He would open the eyes of those present, to see it to be their duty to withdraw all support from it.

In their zeal for prohibition they are overlooking the necessity of sound temperance teaching, and the importance of urging upon all their personal responsibility in this matter.

The following incident confirmed me in that opinion. During our conversation, Mr Haven asked, "What are you going to speak about to-night, Mr Easton?" "Nevertheless, what saith the Scriptures about intoxicating drink," was my prompt reply. "Why, I guess" said he, "that the temperance question in all its phases has been pretty well discussed among us, and little more requires to be said about it. We would much rather you would tell us what you have been, and are doing, and intend to do in Scotland as temperance reformers."

I said, I have no objections to give you the information you speak of; but your idea about temperance teaching, allow me to say, is a fatal mistake. You

may give as many reasons as you please, why you have not been able to retain, and enforce a prohibitory law; but of this I am satisfied, that the principal, if not the only reason is to be found in the fact, that temperance sentiment is not sufficiently powerful among you, and how it is to be strengthened but by temperance teaching I cannot understand. Go on as fast as you can with your advocacy of prohibition; but if you would be successful, don't forget to advocate the claims of that which alone can form a sure foundation for a prohibitory law.

"Well," he replied, "perhaps there is much truth in what you say, and you had better just take your own way."

I did take my own way, and when all was over, he came forward and expressed his great satisfaction, and said, "I wish from my heart, sir, that we had that discourse delivered in every town in this State." In a jocular manner I said, "Did I not tell you that that was the very thing you were needing; but like a great many patients you did not apparently know what you required until informed." Mr Uniac also addressed the meeting, consisting of nearly six hundred persons.

I delivered two lectures in Assabat, a small town twenty-seven miles out of Boston, containing a population of 1800—one on the 9th February, and the other on the 6th of August; both excellent meetings.

On my first visit to Assabat, I concluded that once more I was a stranger, going among strangers; but you may guess my surprise when I found myself in

the midst of a number of old friends. We had what the Americans call "a good time," so much so, that on the first occasion, the fireside *crack* was so absorbing that we had forgot all about a meeting, until reminded of it by the tolling of the bell.

Having promised to some friends in Dundee that I would visit Salem, and bear their kind regards to the Rev. Mr Elder—a native of Dunfermline—whom they had greatly admired as a preacher previous to his leaving Scotland,—on the 29th of January, I reached the city of Salem, and called upon Mr Elder, who knew me at once, and gave me a most cordial welcome. I remained over Sabbath, and had three large meetings in three different churches. Salem has a population of 24,000, and is an old city resembling much more those of our own country than an American one. At one time it did a large trade with the West Indies, and also a little in the way of burning witches.

Along with Mrs Easton, I also visited the city of Lynn for the purpose of spending a few days with Dr Nie, with whom our eldest daughter resided for several years. We could not have desired a more cordial welcome than was accorded us by the Doctor and his amiable wife. It was refreshing to meet with two such decided Christians in the midst of so much free thinking.

At the time of our arrival, there were a series of revival meetings being held in a Baptist Church to which our friends belonged. I attended one of these meetings, and gave an address, such as I considered

suitable in the circumstances. The city of Lynn, from being a very small place a few years ago, has now grown into a city with 25,000 of a population. The Fair City of Perth will not have a much larger population; but the reader may form some idea of the larger space Lynn covers, when told that it has sixty miles of streets, with a row of trees as a general rule on each side, which in summer appear very magnificent, and afford an excellent shade for the citizens.

Lynn is noted for its manufacture of shoes and leather. I was informed that it turned out yearly twelve million pairs. Doctor Nie took me through one manufactory, which, when in full blast, can turn out daily 12,000 pairs of ladies' shoes. It was pleasing, as well as surprising, to see how, by the aid of machinery driven by steam, a sole could be put on a shoe in as short time as you could deliberately count ten.

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## CHAPTER IV.

NEW BOSTON—PERSEVERANCE OF THE SAINTS—SPIRITUALISTS—ADVENTISTS—BOSTON HORSE RAILWAY.

I SPENT a Saturday and Sabbath in New Boston with Mr George Dryden, an old friend from the parish of Ewes, Dumfriesshire. On the forenoon of the Sabbath, I had the opportunity or privilege of hearing a most rabid attack made upon the doctrine of the "Perseverance of the Saints,"—a doctrine in which Henry Ward Beecher always thought he believed,

until he saw how the New England saints acted when they went "South."

During his discourse the preacher all but sent Solomon to the devil. When about to conclude, he said that after all he did not think there were many saints who fell altogether from grace, perhaps not more than one in a hundred. The sum of the whole matter, he said, was just this—"A believer may fall altogether away from grace and be lost; but in the second place, he need not; and thirdly, he will not, if watchful unto prayer."

On our way from church a gentleman asked me what I thought of that doctrine? It would have been very easy to have said, "Not much;" but that would have led to a discussion, which, in the circumstances, would have been folly. I therefore replied, "That much had been said on both sides, and it did not appear that the controversy was likely to end in a hurry."

The next meeting I attended as a hearer was at Hyde Park, when a Mr Paterson was giving a lecture on "Spiritualism." When I entered the hall, the lecturer was saying "with all due deference," to some party whose designation escaped me, "the soul is immortal." Well, I thought, that is pretty orthodox at any rate. It was not long, however, until I found that the "Advent Brethren" were the parties at whom the speaker was throwing his darts.

The "Adventists" deny the immortality of the soul, and maintain that it only becomes immortal when united to Christ by faith. They also hold that when

that event which is called death takes place, both body and soul die, and remain unconscious until the resurrection, when both shall be raised from that condition, —those who are believers entering upon life immortal in the skies, while those who are unbelievers shall be destroyed—burned up—consumed. They don't use the word "annihilated," but they use others which, in their mouths, mean practically the same thing. From this the reader will easily see that if the "Advent Brethren" be right, then the "Spiritualists" must be all wrong. Because if both body and soul of all who have departed this life be dead, then there would be none of their spirits to return to tip tables, and spell out names, and so on; hence the "Adventists" and "Spiritualists" are pitted in direct antagonism to each other.

In the course of his lecture, Mr Paterson maintained that the soul never dies. We were taught this, he said, by intuition. Theologians had all along asserted that such was the case; but, when asked for proof, they had none to give, and the result was that men were being made infidels in thousands. But the doctrine was proved to be correct, he said, when, twenty years ago, in a certain place in the State of Massachusetts, a little girl belonging to the Fox family, heard a gentle tip on a table, when she tipped three times in response, and the spirit immediately tipped three times, clearly proving it could count, and ultimately it spelt out names, and did many other things too numerous to mention. And because he (Mr P.) said a spirit did all this, he would have all of

us to swallow the dogma, that it was the only foundation upon which any man could take his stand and successfully defend the doctrine of the soul's immortality. He said—Spiritualism *must* be true, because he knew it to be so. His senses could not deceive him. He had shaken hands with spirits, and had seen and talked with them. They call us infidels, he said, but the Jews called Christ the same thing, and killed him, believing him to be such; and hence he counted it a small thing that he and his brethren should be called infidels. It was certainly the most irreverent, illogical discourse that ever I heard. It did appear to me that the lecturer was either very ignorant, or presumed very much upon the gullibility of his audience.

During my sojourn in Hyde Park, I had frequent opportunities of being in Boston, and so got pretty well acquainted with its streets and principal buildings, including the State House, and had the privilege one day of seeing and hearing the Senators and Legislators of the State of Massachusetts. Without any trouble, Mr Uniac and myself were admitted to the floor of both Houses, and had an excellent opportunity of looking in the face, the men who had come from their stores, counting houses and farms to legislate for their country's weal. Mr Uniac was personally acquainted with many of them as temperance men, and introduced me to them. They all appeared very confident, that by the month of May Massachusetts would regain her prohibitory law, and, as the reader has been told previously, she did regain it, such as it is.

There was nothing in Boston more novel and sur-

prising to me than its street, or horse railway, as it is called. The immense number of cars constantly running on said railway, to and from every part of the city, is truly fabulous. These cars are of good size, though not nearly so large as those of ordinary railways. There is one seat on each side of the car, extending from end to end, which is capable of accommodating thirteen or fourteen persons, while there is plenty of room for as many more to stand, supporting themselves by straps which depend from the roof of the car. It is no uncommon thing for as many as seventy to be found in one car. On the occasion when Mr Uniac and I went to Malden, there was that number on the car. It has never yet been settled, and I suppose never will be, how many a street car in Boston can carry. The platform at each end of the car will contain ten or a dozen persons. They are generally drawn by two horses, and at the end of the pole is hung a small bell which gives notice of their approach. The fare is very low, and you can go five or six miles for threepence. The conductor collects the fares soon after you enter, and just before he reaches the office, on his return trip, he makes out an account of the money he has received, aud then hands it in on coming to the office. The sum collected for the double trip will, in some instances, be as much as three and even four pounds sterling. The cars are stopped instantly when any person wishes to get in or out. The principal line in Boston is the Metropolitan. This company does a large amount of business, and their horses, cars, and everything pertaining to it,

are kept in excellent condition. The company pays a good dividend. These cars run every five minutes, and you can take a car for any part of Boston or vicinity. The cars on different routes are of different colours, besides having their destination printed on the outside, and in the evening, an approaching car is distinguished by the colour of its light. At night, a passenger in a car can easily tell what part of the city he is in by simply looking out and observing what name is on the lamp post at a street corner. In Boston the cars run till midnight, and after that time one car runs every hour through the principal thoroughfare for the accommodation of "Night Birds." This car stops at six o'clock a.m., when the day cars commence. The cars are very well regulated, and any disorderly person is at once turned out by the conductor. The regulations forbid any person getting on or off the car while it is in motion, especially at the front platform; but this rule is very little heeded by gentlemen. No smoking is allowed except on cars that are double decked, or that have outside accommodation. In summer open cars are used—that is, they have a frame-work supporting an awning, and when it rains a waterproof covering is immediately let down on all sides, making, what a few moments before was an open car, a close and waterproof one. The conductors, as a general rule, are very polite and obliging. The cars travel faster than omnibuses, and have the right of the road—all teams making way for them. Once or twice steam-power was tried. It worked very well, but was found to frighten horses so much that it had to be discontinued.

It is only used now in the suburbs of the city where the thoroughfare is not so great, and fewer horses travel.

## CHAPTER V.

PROFESSOR GARDINER—EDWARD UNIAC—JOHN B. GOUGH.

I HAVE had occasion more than once to refer to Mr Uniac in the course of my remarks, and he being a notable temperance advocate, I felt very anxious to know more of his history and experience. Accordingly, I wrote him requesting that he would name a day which he could spend with me. In reply, he fixed the day, and hour, and place where he would meet me. On the day appointed, I went to Boston and called at the office of the *Temperance Prohibitory Alliance*, and waited the arrival of my friend. In a short time he made his appearance, accompanied by a gentleman dressed in first-rate costume, with long jet black hair thrown back from a massive forehead, and hanging down his broad shoulders. This gentleman Mr Uniac introduced to me as Professor Gardiner. I concluded I was face to face with a veritable Professor of Greek or Hebrew, or it might be of Exegetical or Apologetical Theology, and accordingly set myself to speak and act with all due deference in the presence of such a personage. The Professor took a seat on the opposite side of the room from where I was, and after

looking some time at me, as if he had been trying to take my measure, he rose and came towards me, saying, "And you are from Scotland, sir?" "Yes, direct from Scotland," was my reply. "And you are a temperance man?" "Yes," I replied; "I have been that for more than thirty years." "And you are an agent of the Scottish Temperance League?" "Yes, sir, I have had the honour of being that for nearly twenty years." "And when did you leave Scotland?" "Very little more than three weeks ago, sir." "And from what part of Scotland do you come?" "From Edinburgh, sir; the most magnificent city I have ever seen." "Let me," said the Professor, "have another shake of your hand, I am proud at having met you. I am a temperance man myself. I never drink rum, nor lager beer, nor any kind of such abominable drink. I neither snuff nor smoke, and never vote the Democratic ticket. From all such vices I am free—I am, however, a firm believer in my own inimitable soap."

I was perfectly bewildered as to what the Professor could mean by his "soap," and concluded that he was speaking symbolically of his labours as being as well adapted to wash away moral, as soap was physical stains.

He went on to say, "Yes, sir, my soap will wash stains and filth of every description from every thing, except the mouth of a democrat; and, were it not for my extreme modesty, I could show you gold medals that were awarded me by the late Prince Albert, Queen Victoria, Emperor Napoleon, and our own

President Grant—all testifying to the superiority of my soap." While I stood listening to all this, the idea got hold of my mind that, if I had got a veritable professor before me, it was one of humbug and egotism. Looking him, therefore, right in the face, and putting on as bland a smile as possible, I said, "Sir, if I have not formed a wrong estimate of you, there is no danger of your modesty ever coming between you and anything you want to say or do. I think, therefore, you may, with all safety, show us the medals you refer to, and not do the slightest violence to your modesty." This he proceeded to do without the smallest appearance of blushing. On the contrary, he went on to say, "Now, gentlemen, if you will meet me here, at two o'clock p.m., I will present each of you with a brick of my soap, by the transcendent virtues of which I have gained the favour of kings and queens, presidents and emperors, and of all the washer-wives in New England." Had I found what I really believed to be a gold watch worth fifty pounds, and, on examination, it had turned out to be only *pinchbeck*, not worth fifty pence, I could not have been taken with greater surprise than I was, when, from believing I had met with something equal to, if not higher than, a professor of moral philosophy, I had the conviction forced upon me that I had only caught a professor of soap. They give the title of professor to every person—the very barber is dubbed a professor. Mr Gardiner, however, is no mean man; he is what, in America, they call a smart man, or what we would call clever. He is a man of considerable intellectual

ability, and it was very evident his language was inexhaustible. He has gathered into the chamber of his own mind all the slang phrases that ever floated up and down the world, and can and does make use of them to the great amusement of his audiences. He travels up and down, and lectures upon temperance, and politics, and so on; but, while doing so, he never forgets to sell his "soap;" and in that way I was informed that he had made a fortune. He is well known throughout New England; and few or none can secure larger meetings than this Professor of Soap.

After our interview with Professor Gardiner, Mr Uniac and I retired to Boston Common, of which the citizens are justly proud. He then gave me a brief history of his life—it was substantially as follows:—

"Six long years I was a drunkard," he said, "and did drink as very few comparatively could. I had plenty of means at my command, and willing to spend, did spend freely. I began business in New York as a lawyer, but from what I have told you, you will not be surprised to learn that my success in business was not great. My character as well as my cash was fast sinking below par, still I continued a willing slave of drink. When the late war broke out I enlisted as a common soldier, but I carried my love of drink along with me, and lost no opportunity of gratifying that passion. I had received a liberal education, and being well able to use my pen, had many opportunities of being promoted. Such offers of promotion I always refused, being afraid that through drink I would soon

be again reduced to the ranks. On one occasion an officer of the Christian Commission came and said, 'Mr Uniac, I have here a Bible for you, sent as a present by a Sabbath-school girl in Boston, which I trust you will be kind enough to accept.' As a matter of courtesy, I took the book, meanwhile believing that the man was telling me a falsehood. There was no person in Boston who knew me, and the conviction that I had been told what was untrue, prejudiced me against both the man and the Bible.

"At this time I had had several letters from a boy—a member of a Band of Hope—urging me to become an abstainer, and I began to think it was full time to turn over a new leaf. Six times I had suffered from *delirium tremens*. When I had little more than recovered from the sixth of these attacks, I was invited by some scoffers to attend a temperance meeting for the purpose of making sport of the whole affair. I went and took my seat, and heard all that was to be said; and as the meeting was about to be dismissed, I felt a kind of irresistible influence come over me that I cannot describe or explain, impelling me to rise and speak in favour of what I had come to scoff at. I rose and asked liberty of the Chairman to address the meeting for five minutes. My request was granted, and when I resumed my seat the Chairman rose, and addressing me, said, 'Young man, go on and speak for an hour if you like.' I resumed my speech, and went on for nearly an hour. It is now four years since then, and from that day till now I have been an abstainer. I was frequently called upon to address

temperance meetings among the soldiers. Our officers encouraged such meetings, and hence the many opportunities I had of addressing thousands, and hundreds took the pledge. In this way I got to be talked about. My name as an advocate of temperance got into the public press. I was there spoken of in strains of higher praise than were to me pleasant. All this time, however, I was ignorant of God. The Bible was to me a sealed book. I was an abstainer, and could tell my experience as a drunkard pretty accurately, and apparently with acceptance to my hearers, but that was all. Well, it was suggested to my mind that I ought to read the Bible; and notwithstanding the belief that the man who gave me a copy had told a falsehood, I decided to read it. Having formed this resolution, the Bible was brought forth from where I had stowed it away, and when opening it my eye caught the fly-leaf, and thereon was written, 'A present from a Sabbath School girl to the soldier who knows not Christ.' I was a soldier and knew not Christ. The Bible was for me, and he who gave it to me had told no untruth. This was very satisfactory, and divested me greatly of my prejudice. The first portion I read was the 103rd Psalm, and what first attracted me to the Bible and caused me to read on was its poetry. Although I had been six years a drunkard I was all the while a great admirer of poetry. I had read most of our best poets, and now and again I had attempted to woo the *muses*, and yet here was a book I had never read, containing the most sublime of all poetry, and I read on until I trust

I have found what is of more value than any poetry. The Spirit of God shed light upon its sacred pages, and blessed it to my soul; so that when I look back upon the dangers through which I have passed, and think of the way by which I have been delivered from drink's dreadful thraldom, and brought to a knowledge of myself and God, I feel that I can never do too much on behalf of the temperance movement, as it was the means, under God, by which I was led to Him who alone can deliver from the enslaving power of all sin.

"The boy to whom I have referred and I still kept up the correspondence, which had originated with himself. The boy's father and mother wrote to me, but I replied to none but the boy. By this means I was getting to be somewhat notorious in Boston. My letters to my youthful correspondent (unknown to me) were being regularly read in the church where the family worshipped, and to which the boy belonged. In this way my history, to some extent, became known to some of the most influential temperance men in Boston. While this correspondence was going on, I was overtaken by sickness, and had to be sent to the hospital, where I had to remain for a time. During my stay there, a gentleman came one day to my bedside, and informed me that, for my greater comfort and more speedy recovery, he would, with my consent, remove me to a place where the best medical advice would be available. I remarked, 'That such a course would involve much expense.' He replied, 'That there were good friends who had

guaranteed to pay all expenses.' I said, 'No! I could not think of accepting their kindness in that way; I was very comfortable where I was, and had all the attention which I could desire.' When the war was ended, I had invitations from several wealthy Christian men to spend some time at their respective homes. At present, I am residing with one of these, free of all expense; and my whole time is devoted to the advocacy of the good cause, and will be, I trust, so long as I live."

I took the liberty to say, "Well, Mr Uniac, how are you engaged, or by whom are you paid? Is there any organization that engages and pays you as with us in Scotland, or how are your meetings got up?" "Why," he replied, "there is no organization, properly speaking, pays me, or any lecturer; and the way meetings are got up is something like this—one or two men, or perhaps more, resolve upon having a meeting; they write you, asking your charge; if they think they can make their own out of you, and have something over, then they proceed to arrange for a meeting, and employ all their friends to sell tickets for them; but if they conclude that to them you are not worth the money, why then they let the matter drop." I explained to him how we went to work in Scotland, and assured him that, had I never gone to places but where I was considered worth twenty or thirty dollars a night, I would not have had to travel far.

I was very much delighted with my interview with Edward Uniac, and would to God I had had nothing

to add but what I heard from his own lips, as arm and arm we walked over Boston Common. But the truth must be told about poor Uniac's end, that it may stand up among the ten thousand illustrations of the terrible tyranny of the drunkard's appetite; and of how that appetite, though it may slumber for years, may be awakened by a single drop of that drink which first created it, and thereby roused into all its wonted fury crying "give, give."

Edward Uniac, in an unguarded hour, once more tasted the cursed thing, and in one night drank whisky until he died. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Here was a man who for four years had been reclaimed from drinking and drunkenness, and so far as man could judge, brought under the renewing influence of Divine grace. He was a man of talent, and well educated. He was an eloquent and popular platform speaker, and might have been, but for that deceptive drink, a great blessing to his country. How any thoughtful Christian, living among such men as Edward Uniac, can justify himself in setting them an example, which, if they but attempt to imitate, will lead them to sin, if not to death, I cannot understand.

On August the 5th, after having returned from my tour in Canada, along with Mrs Easton, I paid a visit to our esteemed friend Mr J. B. Gough. On our arrival at Worcester depot we found, that like a considerate man, he had a carriage waiting to drive us to his residence in Boyleston, five miles distant. When we reached our destination we received from him and

his amiable wife a most cordial welcome. We had been several times told previously what a great treat awaited us, and how pleased we would be with our visit to Mr Gough and his delightful home.

Mr David Macrae, in a most interesting and instructive book lately published, entitled "The Americans at Home," gives the following description of Mr Gough's residence:—

"When the lecture season was over I went to see the orator at his home in New England. As it may interest his friends on this side of the Atlantic to know something of his home life, let me introduce part of a letter written from the spot:—His conveyance was waiting for us at Worcester and drove us here, a distance of about five miles. A hearty welcome awaited us, and showers of questions about friends in Scotland —Mr M'Gavin, Mr Marr, Mr Knox, Mr Logan, and many others, of whom Mr and Mrs Gough seem to cherish a warm recollection.

"The house is called 'Hillside.' It is pleasantly situated upon a rising ground, with the little village of Boyleston just below. The approach is through an avenue of trees which Gough planted with his own hand sixteen or seventeen years ago.

"There is an air of home about the whole place that is exceedingly pleasant. The house has grown with Gough's fortunes, and has had so many additions made to it that there is a delightful bewilderment in trying to make your way from one part of the house to another, and a pleasant feeling when you get a peep into so many cosy rooms, that you are in the abode of

one who loves to have his friends about him. Mr and Mrs Gough have no children of their own, but they like to have the house filled with children's voices, so they have several young nieces living with them, all of them as lively as crickets. Gough himself is as merry and light-hearted as any of them. At supper to-night, he kept us in such convulsions of laughter with his funny stories, that there was no getting on with the business of the table. He seems devotedly attached to the children, and likes, when we are sitting talking, to have one of them on each knee. Behind the house he has built a beautiful gymnasium for them — a children's paradise for a wet day—where they have swings suspended from the roof, and a long floor where they can race and romp to their heart's content. Gough seems never happier than when he is romping among them; and when he has a game at nine-pins along the side of the room, they vie with one another who shall be smartest in rolling back the balls and setting up the pins.

"Near the house is another wonderful building. Perhaps I should call it an institution. It is a vast hennery, with about 2000 fowls in it, and no end of pigeons. I remember hearing once that John B. Gough had gone into 'the hen speculation.' I didn't know exactly what the hen speculation was, but I thought that, on any hypothesis, it was a queer business for a public orator to go into. The explanation turns out to be that Mrs Gough has a great fondness for fowls, and that when the mania for rare breeds was at its height, she bought largely, and found the sale of the

eggs so profitable, that this hennery business was established. Gough showed me through the place this morning. It is a spacious building, with long galleries lined with airy apartments for the fowls, which live in a most genteel manner, having their own little parlours and bedrooms, and door-plates outside with their technical names upon them, and nothing wanting but door-bells or little knockers to make the arrangements complete. English Dorkins, silver Polands, black African bantams, golden Polands, brown Leghorns, and Cochin-China buffs, all live in connubial bliss in separate suits of apartments; while in one elegant room with a balcony outside, an aristocratic fowl known as Madame La Feche, struts about with the dignity becoming a lady whose eggs sell at thirty-five shillings a dozen.

"Besides the hennery there is a place for cattle, and a garden, and an orchard, and several fields all fenced and nicely kept. The place was a wilderness when Gough purchased it nearly twenty years ago. Now it blossoms like the rose. It is a picture of the man himself, and of what God has enabled him to do for many a wasted life.

"He spends the summer in quietness, refreshing himself after his winter's work, and preparing new lectures for the next. Even during the busy season, he tries to spend his Sundays at home, and refuses engagements that would keep him long away. He showed me a letter he had from Mr Moodie, of the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago, offering to engage him for eighty nights a year at 200 dollars a

night for ten years; that is how they do things in Chicago; but Gough said it would keep him from home during winter, and refused it.

"To-night I got a sight of a curious record of his life—two huge scrap-books, in which Mrs Gough has preserved all the newspaper reports of his lectures, &c., since he began his public career. One of the first is a notice of him as a young mechanic, who made a good speech at a meeting. This was in 1842. In 1843 he had begun lecturing, and had been paid 3 dollars for three addresses, being at the rate of 4s a piece. During the year 1844 he delivered 383 speeches, which yielded him an income of only 720 dollars. During 1866 he delivered 162 lectures, and his income has risen to 28,500 dollars. He gets as many engagements as he can take, and had to refuse about 1100 last year. He takes an honest pride in looking back and marking the steps of his progress."

After the graphic and truthful description, by Mr Macrae, of "Gough at Home," it would be presumption on my part to attempt any account of what I saw and experienced at "Hillside." Allow me to say, however, that the anticipations which had been raised in my mind in reference to the scenery in the midst of which Mr and Mrs Gough reside, and the magnificent, orderly manner in which their whole establishment is fitted up, was more than realised. From the position Mr Gough now occupies, and the high esteem in which he is held by all the leading Christian men in New England, there never was a man who could better afford to regard his detractors

with feelings of pity and forgiveness. As a proof of the high esteem in which he is held, I may mention that he and Mrs Gough were kind enough to show us the many valuable presents, consisting of silver articles of which I neither knew the names nor uses, which they had received from friends after their return from Britain.

The popularity of Mr Gough was never greater in America than now; as a proof of which, he had, when I was with him, no fewer than six hundred applications for his services, and with the exception of one man, receives the highest pay of any lecturer in America. He is much more robust and healthy in appearance than when he left Scotland, and was engaged writing an account of his life and labours, from which he read a few extracts. Such a book will, no doubt, command a large sale, both here and in America. Mr Gough appears to have made up his mind never again to visit this country, except, it may be, privately, to see his friends; but whether he does or not, may God long spare him, and make him more and more useful in the land of his adoption. In such a prayer thousands, on both sides of the Atlantic, will most cordially join.

## CHAPTER VI.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING—RAILWAYS—CARS—RAILWAY BELLS—RAILWAY WHISTLE—SLEEPING CARS—DRAWING-ROOM CARS, &c.

HAVING, during my sojourn in America, passed through the States of Maine, Newhampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Michigan, and as far west as Illinois, and up and down the most of Canada West, and part of Canada East, I had sufficient experience of the railways to enable me to state definitely my opinion as to the comparative comfort of travelling in that country and our own.

So far as I could judge, their railways are not so well built, nor yet kept in such good repair as ours. On one occasion, when travelling east from Montreal, on the Grand Trunk, in the month of March, it so happened that the conductor had at one time been a guard on the "*North British*," and knowing me, made himself known to me. After talking about railways and many other things, he requested me to follow him into the last car in the train. This car had a window in its end, out of which we could see what sort of road we were passing along. Certainly the way seemed in a very unsatisfactory condition.

I noticed that in many instances there is not a "chair" at each "sleeper" as with us, but only one at each end of a rail; and the rail being flat in the

bottom like our service rail, it is fixed to each sleeper by a large-headed spike-nail. The conductor informed me that owing to the great drought in summer, "keys" shrank so much, that it was considered a spike-nail was preferable. Such will, no doubt, be the case; or otherwise they would use keys where wood is so plenty and iron scarce. On second thoughts, however, it seems evident that by using spikes they save the expense of both "chairs" and "keys," so that, after all, using "spikes" may be as much with a view to economy as of safety. Be that as it may, their railways are not at all built in the substantial manner that ours are.

But, if their railways be more *rickety* than ours, as a general rule, their "cars," as they call them, are as much superior to ours in comfort as a drawing-room is to a shepherd's cottage.

The average length of an American car is fifty feet—which is at least fully a third longer than ours—and ten feet wide, and at least nine or ten feet high. They are constructed in the roof after the manner of our omnibuses, being higher in the centre than side, by more than two feet. The height of the car is not only a comfort in many respects, but a profit to a man who stands six feet high, and is stupid enough to wear a "tile" hat. I have frequently said, that if ever our railway directors in Scotland be in a positiou to pay their shareholders a fair dividend, and are men anxious to do homage at the shrine of justice, they will send me the price of ten hats at twelve shillings each, for certainly I have had as many of these articles smashed

against the roofs of the low dirty boxes called third-class carriages.

There are only two doors in each car—one at each end, with a platform outside each door, surrounded with an iron rail. Three steps lead down from each side of the platform, making ingress and egress equally easy. Along the centre of the car there is a passage about two feet and a half wide, and on both sides of that the seats are fixed at a right angle with the car, and are each capable of accommodating two persons. This is a good arrangement, as I heard a gentleman remark, for a man and wife when on good terms, or for two lovers, who are always considered to be in that condition previous to their appearing before the minister. If four friends are travelling in company and desire to sit face to face, the seats are so constructed that the backs can be reversed. By this arrangement, too, those who prefer sitting with their back, rather than their face, to the engine, can have their peculiarity gratified. On the sides of the car, and right above each seat, there is accommodation for a reasonable amount of luggage.

In one end of almost every car in which I travelled, there was a water fountain, to which when thirsty any one could repair and satisfy his thirst. It would be a great blessing for not a few were they uniformly restricted to fountains containing no other description of liquid; but I very frequently noticed that many carried a fountain in their pocket containing a very different kind of liquor. While at one end of each car there is a water fountain, at the other end there is a

"conveniency," and not unfrequently, two, one for ladies, the other for gentlemen. With such arrangements, and with a fair store of provisions, you may travel any distance without having to leave the car.

The cars with their platforms are so constructed that you can walk quite easily, and with perfect safety, from one end of the train to the other. Among other advantages afforded by this arrangement there is this, viz., that if you expect any friend to be with the train, it matters not into what car you enter you can soon find him out; and if you are expecting none, you can soon satisfy yourself whether there be any "a-board" with whom you are acquainted, and whom you did not expect to see. Going into a car is called "going a-board;" hence, when a train is about to start, instead of hearing the conductor cry "take your seats," you will hear him cry "all a-board" for such a place. If you are particular to a shade, and would have everything about you properly arranged, there is a mirror at each end of each car, up to which you have only to look to ascertain what is right or wrong and then act accordingly.

There is another useful and comfortable arrangement to which I must refer in connection with these cars. There is a large brass bell on the centre or back of every iron horse, as the engine has been called, from which there extends a rope along the roof of the cars to the extremity of the train, so that if anything disagreeable should occur, all that any passenger has got to do is to put up his hand and pull that rope,

when the bell will toll, and the train will be brought to a stand, and what is wrong righted.

I found the benefit of that "bell" arrangement on one occasion when travelling with Mrs Easton from Boston to Montreal—a distance over two hundred miles. Just a little before we arrived at White River Junction, in the State of Vermont, the conductor announced "Twenty minutes for dinner at White River Junction."

Now, if the reader never saw men and women in down right earnest, let him go and see them taking dinner at a railway station. They don't require to be told to be at home and help themselves, and you will be very "*green*" if you wait thinking any of them will help you. There, every one is for his own hand, and they all go to work with "both hands earnestly." I am not very certain that they can afford time to ask a blessing upon what they are about to receive, and I don't certify that on the occasion referred to, we were any exception. We, too, went to work promptly, and with right good will, determined to lay in a fair supply, knowing how well they can and do charge at such places. After dinner Mrs Easton expressed a desire to have her hands washed. I showed her into a room fitted up for that purpose. There may be something better adapted for taxing the patience of a Job-like man—if there is I don't know of it—than travelling with ladies. You don't like to get angry, on the contrary, you would like to be as gentle and gallant as possible. But really, in my experience, the most of them are bad to get up to time. Not one foot will

they stir until every pin is in its proper place, and every ribbon rightly adjusted, and then when you think they are all ready for moving, the gloves, parasol, or pocket-handkerchief is sure to be amissing, and where it is no one knows.

On the occasion to which I am referring, I stood with the handle of the room door in mine, a perfect picture of patience. Had a photographer been at hand to take my *photograph* what a picture it would have made. There I stood, and with as bland a smile as I could put on, trying to say in the most pleasing manner, "Come away, my dear, we will be left behind as sure as the world." "Now, don't bother me, George, there is no danger of that," she said. "But there is danger, and that you'll see;" and before I got her out of the room and fairly out of the station the train was off. I attempted to run, but it was only an attempt. However, I caught the attention of the conductor, who, fortunately, was standing on the platform of the last car in the train. He rung the bell, the train was stopped, and we got "a-board." But for that bell arrangement, we would have been left a post behind. It must not be understood, however, that this bell supersedes the "railway whistle." They have the whistle as well as we; but of all the unearthly sounds ever heard, that produced by a railway whistle in America is the most hideous. When Mr Macrae heard it for the first time, he thought it was the braying of an ass that had caught a severe cold. When I heard it for the first time, I said to a gentleman sitting next me in the car, "In the name of wonder what is that?" "The

railway whistle," he replied. The railway whistle! If ten bulls of Bashan had united their voices they could not have produced a more terrific noise. The following story came to my recollection about a woman who lived in the north of Scotland, famed in the neighbourhood for her eccentricities and quaint sayings, and whose husband was equally famed as a *bee* cultivator. On one occasion, the husband saw, as he thought, various reasons for concluding that he would very soon have more *hives* than *skeps*. Being a long way from Aberdeen, and there being no railway at the time, he set to work and constructed a *skep*, and having done so, he requested his better half to examine and pronounce upon his handy work. Like an obedient wife, —as all wives are, or should be—she laid aside her domestic work, came out like a knowing one with her arms "a-kimbo," walked round the construction, examining it on all sides, and having done so, she looked up to her husband, and with a waggish smile playing upon her countenance, said, "A-weel, a-weel, gudeman, in making that thing I dinna think ye hae broken the second commandment, for I am gie sure it's no like ony thing in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath."

It just struck me that much the same thing might be said of the noise produced by an American railway whistle. It is not like any sound I ever heard in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, and whether it may resemble anything under the earth, it may be hard to say.

There is another comfortable arrangement con-

nected with railway travelling in America which we do not possess in this country. I refer to "sleeping cars." With every train going a long distance, there is one or two such cars. They are so constructed that, in a few minutes, the seats where four persons were sitting face to face are converted into two *berths*, the one above the other, as in a ship, each with a hair mattress, blankets, sheets and pillows of first rate quality. When you undress and go to bed, if like the writer you are unable on your first trial to sleep, you can, as he did, turn your face to the window and count the trees as you pass; or, if that be too much for you, try the houses.

Our cousins were wont to boast that they had only one class of cars, thus indicating their belief that *Jack* was as good as his master. It does not appear to me that the arrangement is one of which to boast. It has its disadvantages. For the man who earns only two dollars per day, is thereby compelled to pay as much for travelling as the man with an independent fortune. It is much better when railway companies make arrangements suited to the different weight of men's purses. When that is done, the man who wishes to save money at the expense of what he considers unnecessary comfort, can do so; while the man who wishes to have all the comforts which money can secure, may also have his desires satisfied. The Americans, however, are now beginning to provide a superior class of cars for those who wish them. And why should not their wealthy citizens, as well as ours, have the opportunity of paying for extra comfort in travelling if they choose?

Such parties have as much right to superior cars as they have to superior houses. The tyranny of making all men travel in one kind of carriage, is much the same as that of making them all live in houses alike in construction and of equal cost.

There is a very superior class of cars running on American railways called "Pulman's drawing-room car." These are fitted up like any gentleman's drawing-room, with carpet, lounges, sofas, and easy chairs of almost every description, and, if I mistake not, I saw a piano in one of them. There is a room at each end of the drawing-room, fitted up in first rate style, capable of holding eight persons, and where every convenience for washing and dressing is provided.

As at home, the cost of travelling in America depends very much on circumstances. If there is no competing line, the fare is more than a penny, and less than three-halfpence a mile. From Montreal to Toronto is 333 miles. For travelling that distauce I had to pay £1 17s 6d, which is very near three-halfpence per mile. If you travel in a sleeping or drawing-room car,—the charge is an extra dollar per day, and on some railways two dollars.

The through trains from the Atlantic to the Pacific are said to have a "cooking car," in which meals are regularly cooked as on board a ship, and where intoxicating drink is also provided; but of my own observation I don't know this to be correct.

On several of the railways along which I travelled, there was scarcely a half hour allowed to pass with-

out our being afforded an opportunity of investing a little capital in one thing or another. If you would have nothing to do with "*Pop-corn*," the travelling merchant would try you in his next round with "*Harpur's Bazaar*." If that would not make you unbutton your pocket, he would try you next time with "*Chicago Candy*" or "*Maple Sugar*." If these sweet temptations failed in making you *bleed*, he would try you next time with "*Views of the Falls of Niagara;*" and if these failed to move you, he evidently concluded that you were a thorough unpoetical utilitarian, and would then try you with a railway guide, an apple or orange, and as a last resort, "a package of stationery." If you bought once, he evidently concluded that he had a claim upon you to buy again, and if you persistently refused, he as evidently considered it his duty never to give up; buy or not, you never get quit of him until you have left the car. He is a thorough believer in the doctrine of perseverance in business, whatever he may be in reference to the perseverance of the saints.

The method they have of collecting railway fares was to me a puzzle, and seemed very loose and unsatisfactory. You do not purchase your ticket, previous to entering a carriage, as is the case at home. After leaving the station, at which you have entered a car, the conductor comes along, and his eye apparently being so well educated to the work, he detects at once all who have lately come "a-board." You inform him of your destination, he informs you of the fare, and you pay it down. So far all is well. If he

is an honest man, he will hand over to the proper parties all monies so obtained. But there is no check upon the man. He may pass you on without taking a fare at all, and this, on one occasion, I knew to be done; and if he can do that, then he can as easily retain, for his own benefit, a few dollars every day. It did appear to me that the situation of conductor was not, in one sense, a desirable one; for, however honest the man may be, there will be many ready to insinuate that he is not quite up to the mark. Then, it seems to me far wrong on the part of employers to place their servants in a position where they are exposed to great and unnecessary temptation. When any one gets to be a conductor, the common saying is, "*Why then, I guess, he is all right.*"

The following story, of a local railway, was told me for a fact, but it is so like a whale, that I will not vouch for its truth:—"When said railway was opened, a man was appointed conductor, and when he had held that office for eight years, he had purchased property to a large amount. On one occasion, when the directors were met, one of them moved that the conductor be dismissed, as it was quite notorious, he was shaving them too close. Another rose and objected to that being done, on the ground that, in all probability, the one they might appoint would shave them closer still, but he moved that the conductor be sent for, and told plainly that they considered he had done very well for himself during the last eight years, and that they trusted he would be kind enough, in the future, to let a little more money come their way. And, as the

story goes, the dividends in subsequent years rose considerably."

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## CHAPTER VII.

ONTARIO: ITS GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION—AREA—POPULATION —CLIMATE—WINTER—SPRING—SUMMER—AUTUMN.

I HAVE now to speak of the "Province of Ontario," or, as it was wont to be called, "Upper Canada," or "Canada West." It is important at the outset that the attention of the reader should be called to its geographical position; for, with our ideas in regard to the "upper" and "lower" districts of a country, we are apt to conclude that Upper Canada must possess a much less genial climate than Lower Canada, or the Province of Quebec. Now, the very reverse is the case. If the reader will consult a map of the country, he will see that the Province of Ontario, although lying at the source of the river St Lawrence, is considerably farther south than the Province of Quebec. It is farther south than the State of Maine, and as far as the State of Vermont, and some other New England States. Then the State of Michigan and Wisconsin, although farther west than Ontario, are equally far north, and its south-west boundary reaches within two hundred miles of Virginia. It is bounded on the south by Lake Ontario and Lake Erie; on the west by Lake St Clair and Lake Huron; and on the

north and north-east by Lake Nipissing and the river Ottowa. Its extreme length is 450 miles, and its area is said to be 120,000 square miles, equal in round numbers to 78,000,000 acres; or almost the same size as Great Britain and Ireland.

When the census was taken in 1861, the population was 1,396,000. In 1868 it was thought the population could not be less than 2,000,000; and if so, then the increase has been tenfold within the last forty years. The population of our own country is upwards of 30,000,000, so that, making due allowance for difference of climate and soil, it does not appear to me an extravagant statement to say that the Province of Ontario could sustain fifteen instead of two million of inhabitants, and, probably, before other forty years have passed away, the population will have made a near approach to that number. From what has been stated, the reader will conclude that, in the meantime, there is in Ontario plenty of room.

Having thus briefly noticed the position, area and population of Ontario, the reader may be disposed to ask, "But what about the climate?" I never consulted the thermometer during my sojourn in the country; but the following extract from a letter, written by a native of Campbelton, who has had more experience of it than myself, may assist to throw some light on the subject:—

"The winters are very severe, and the cold, as indicated by the thermometer, excessive. On one occasion since we arrived here, it was 40 degrees below zero, or 72 degrees of frost; but the cold is not

felt to be nearly so great as it actually is, the air being so devoid of moisture as to act as a very imperfect conductor of heat, and therefore it does not abstract the caloric from the body as the moist air of Britain does. The climate is also very changeable. Only a few days ago, we had the thermometer two degrees below zero at 6 p.m.; at the same time next day, it stood at 34 degrees; showing a difference of 32 degrees in 24 hours; and, I daresay I could, by referring to my diary—which I have kept regularly since leaving home—prove even greater ranges of temperature than that during the same time. A change of wind produces invariably a change of weather. In spite of these great and sudden changes, the climate of Canada is very healthy."

The above extract thoroughly agrees with my own experience. The quick transition from heat to cold, and *vice versa*, was very observable. No doubt winter in Ontario will always denote a time of frost and snow, and frequently of intense cold; but, according to the testimony of many old settlers, the cold does not last, as a general rule, for more than two or three days. My experience of the country is limited; but I may state that I have suffered more from cold in Scotland during winter, than I did when in Canada. The air is so pure and dry; you are so completely free from damp; you feel, as it were, the blood coursing through the veins, and the whole system is so firmly braced up, that, instead of being uncomfortable, you experience a positive enjoyment.

My intimate friends are aware that, for many

years, I have been greatly annoyed with a cough, which has almost become chronic. In Canada, however, notwithstanding the deep snows and intense frost, I got quit of it altogether; but, alas! I had only been a short time among the fogs of dear old Scotland, when my old enemy found me out. My cough has followed me home, and, it would appear, that I am doomed to have it as a companion in all my travels up and down the glens of Scotland, until I am gathered to my fathers. and with them rest in the peaceful grave.

The transition from the rigours of winter to the geniality of spring in Ontario was to me surprisingly rapid. Verily, nature in that part of the world does lay aside her winter garb, and put on her most pleasant and beautiful attire very promptly. She cannot be charged with killing time at the toilette table. The rapidity with which the vegetable kingdom started from apparent death into life and beauty, was to me perfectly amazing, and must be so to every man newly from the old country. The winter, when I was there, held undisputed sway up to the latter end of April, so that I was beginning to think spring was forgetting to come round in its order. However, about the end of April, the sceptre of the icy king was broken, and indications on every side were visible that he was about to abdicate in favour of a more genial ruler. But when the abdication came, it was done so hurriedly as to involve, unfortunately, a great loss of property. The rivers rose to a great height, bearing away the furniture of the late ruler to

the ocean, so that I was never more emphatically reminded of the figurative language of the Psalmist,—"As with an overflowing flood, thou carriest them away."

The floods, however, though doing great damage, passed very rapidly, and the whole country passed quickly from the rigours of winter into the softness of spring. So very quick, indeed, was the transition, that a man might have been excused had he come to the conclusion that, during the night, he had been wafted away upon the wings of the wind into another part of the world.

When nature has once begun, she goes forward rapidly with her process of cooking in Ontario. She has not much time to lose. The summer is short, but gorgeous in splendour. The heat is sometimes very oppressive, and occasionally, as at home, the crops suffer from long drought. Such, however, was not the case in the summer of 1869. It was a very wet season,—hence the heat was not at all oppressive, only I travelled with much lighter clothing than at home.

I left the country in the month of August, when on every side there was proof positive that nature had not only done her work rapidly, but had done it well. She was then in the act of serving up, in straw baskets and green salvers, her abundant and varied preparations of corn and orchard fruit.

Leaving the country at the time mentioned, I cannot, from personal observation, speak of the "fall of the year," but I was informed that, as a general rule,

the weather during the months of September and October was superb.

The appearance of the forests during what is called the "Indian Summer," or "Fall," is said to be magnificent. Upon the face of universal nature at that season—as a writer remarks—there appears a bright and beautiful hectic blush, indicating that the time is fast approaching when the country will once more glide into the severity of winter.

From what I saw of the soil of the country, and heard from relatives who for thirty years have been engaged there in agricultural pursuits, I am justified in saying that, as a general rule, it consists of rich clay of various depths, with here and there throughout the Province extensive tracks of a sandy nature. In the immediate neighbourhood of Toronto, the surface soil is of this character, while the subsoil consists of clay of a blue colour, which, when burned, makes a good white brick. The soil, moreover, is easily tilled, and has been proved capable of vast improvement. When travelling, I was frequently surprised by seeing the quick transition from clay to sand, and *vice versa*.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the clay soil is by far the better of the two, although the other in favourable seasons produces very fair crops. The clay soil, however, is more to be depended upon, and in its virgin state will yield forty, and, in some instances, fifty bushels of wheat per acre.

Before saying any thing more of the capabilities of

the soil, I wish to state that, so far as I could judge, it does not get fair play! Both in the state of Illinois, and in the Province of Ontario, I paid particular attention as to how farming operations were conducted,—a thing I never did when travelling in Scotland. Perhaps the reason for my so acting may be similar to that given by a decent old lady, who, when asked by her minister why she always slept when he was preaching, but kept wide awake when any other person took his place, replied, "O, sir, I hae perfect faith in you. I ken ye'r soond, and will say naething wrang; but these beardless birkies need watching." Now, the farmers of Scotland, as a general rule, are up to the mark, and need not be noticed, except to praise them for their skill and enterprise. But I was not certain how Scotchmen and others might be doing in a new country—and hence the particular attention paid to their proceedings. The conclusion I arrived at was not favourable to the mode of farming, and was therefore very different from that of an old Englishman, whom I encountered in the following circumstances:—

On the 2nd of July I left London and reached St Mary's in good time for dinner. (Be it known to my friend Thomas Whittaker that I never missed my dinner when travelling in Ontario. In this respect it is a first rate country for an Englishman, and not at all disagreeable to a Scotchman.) From St Mary's, by way of Stratford, I reached Seaforth, a small village standing close by the Buffalo and Goderich Railway, and struggling hard to become worthy

of being considered a town. There was still twenty-five miles between me and my destination, and the distance was all the more formidable as it had to be gone over by means of a "stage," as it is called, which I found from experience was a "slow coach." Notwithstanding that we had a gravelled road and four horses to drag us along, we were five hours on the journey. The reader may guess how much my patience was taxed, as I recalled the time when I would have leaped down and told the driver that I had not leisure to wait for *his* "waggon."

A Canadian "stage" is the most clumsy and awkward vehicle ever invented for the purpose of transferring poor humanity from one place to another. Were the reader travelling any great distance in one, he would find, whether pauper or not, that it would so "rattle his bones over the stones" that he would feel about as much done up at the end of his journey, as if he had driven his "two-in-hand" all the way.

When about half way on our journey, my fellow passengers were an elderly Englishman, a young man fresh from college, and a lady. The old gentleman was under the influence of "old rye," as they call whisky, and, like many others in a similar condition, was talking to himself. Perhaps he was doing so for the reason given by one who indulged in the same practice. When asked why he talked so much to himself, he replied, "Because I always like to speak to a sensible man, and to hear a sensible man speak." Be that as it may, however, the old gentleman kept

on repeating to himself, "There is nothing like a lowland Scotchman for making a good farmer." For a considerable time no one paid any attention to him. At last the young philosopher took speech in hand, and, addressing the old man, said, "Why, my dear old friend, don't you know it does not require a high type of brain to chop wood, scratch the face of the earth, sow seed and reap a harvest: all that, my dear sir, is not education, but is merely mechanical." "Well, well," replied the old man, "you may call it what you please, that is nothing to me; what I maintain is, that there is nothing like a lowland Scotchman for making a good farmer. When others come to this country, they have to learn the way to farm; but the lowland Scotchman knows the way before he leaves home, and, when he comes here, goes right at it, and in the right way." "Well, my old friend," said the young philosopher, "I see how it is; allow me to tell you, you are behind the age. Don't you know that we are living in a go-a-head age and nation,—a nation destined to produce its great poets, historians, geologists, dramatists, and philosophers,—men with large brain like Shakespeare, whom you could not by any possibility bind down to chop wood, scratch the face of the earth, sow seed and reap a harvest. These are the men, sir, who will be the glory of our nation, and in whom our nation will glory." "Why," said the old man, "I guess I am not arguing as to who are to be the glory of our nation, or what class of men our nation may glory in; what I have said is, and, from long experience, I know it to be correct, there is

nothing like a lowland Scotchman for making a good farmer." "Why, my dear sir," said the young man, "don't you know that God is wise,—and hence the more knowledge we can obtain of the arts and sciences the more wise we must become, and, as a logical sequence, more god-like. Don't you understand me, sir?" "Yes, yes," said the old man, "I understand what you mean, but I am not sure that your conclusion is correct. Don't you know that knowledge sometimes does little else than puff up; and, moreover, I must remind you that the devil knows a great deal more than half-a-dozen of your philosophers, and there is not very much of the god-like about him. But that is not the point at issue; what I have said, and what I am quite prepared to prove, is that there is nothing like a lowland Scotchman for making a good farmer."

Nothing that was said could for a moment silence the old gentleman; but although, in one sense, he might be correct, still I saw a great amount of very bad farming by lowland Scotchmen as well as by others. One day, crossing over an extensive farm in company with the farmer, I asked how he accounted for a corner of a particular field of wheat being so much superior to the rest? He replied, "Why, I guess the reason is just this; last 'fall' we hauled out a few waggon loads of manure that we might get easier access to the barn, and spread it on that corner." "What?" I asked; "don't you haul out your stable manure every year, and lay it on your ground?" "Not at all," was his reply; "we don't bother our-

selves with work of that kind here. A man lives yonder—(pointing to a farm house)—who is also from Roxburghshire; and, no farther back than last year, he removed his barn and stable to a new place rather than remove the dunghill." This was certainly no proof that lowland Scotchmen were always good farmers. I could not help remarking to the farmer, that if he and others were taxed with a rent of two or three dollars an acre, they would set more value upon their stable manure.

As an illustration at once of the richness of the soil, and wilful stupidity of the farmer, I may state that it was, and, in many instances still is, the practice to take ten or fifteen crops of wheat off the same piece of ground. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that from yielding forty or fifty bushels per acre, the soil should get reduced until it yields only twelve or fifteen. A field near the Georgian Bay was pointed out to me on which the twentieth crop of wheat was growing. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was a poor one.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

PROGRESS—QUALITY OF WHEAT—SOIL—ORCHARDS—VINES—LANDED PROPRIETORS—VALUE OF FARM PRODUCE—IMPLEMENTS—MONEY—LABOUR.

THE method of farming referred to in the previous chapter, and which has so long been prevalent in

Ontario, has now begun to work its own cure. Men are beginning to see that to hunger the land, is tantamount to hungering themselves, and ultimately to bring complete starvation. Moreover, enterprising men with a little capital are now and again finding their way into the country; are cultivating the land on the principle of regular rotation, and are making full use of their stable manure. By this, and in other ways, they are making it evident that if men will but deal bountifully with the land, it will deal equally so with them. There is, therefore, good reason for concluding, that the time is at hand when farming in Ontario will be conducted on the most approved principles. In several townships through which I passed, the improvement in farming has been such, that the average yield of wheat per acre was above twenty bushels, and where there is really good farming, as high as thirty, and even forty bushels.

The quality of the wheat is good. I was frequently reminded that wheat grown near Toronto took a first prize at the Paris Exhibition; and it appears to be quite an understood thing, that flour made from Canadian wheat surpasses anything of the kind in the United States; indeed, it was frequently stated in my hearing that our "cousins" in the United States, convinced of the superiority of Canadian flour, purchase it and export their own. The production of wheat has, for a long time, been the principal aim of the farmers in Ontario. But I was told by some of the most intelligent among them, that the time was now come when it would be more profitable to produce

beef, butter, cheese, mutton, and pork, than to depend so much upon wheat.

Hitherto very little attention, comparatively speaking, has been paid to the cultivation of that most useful bulb, the turnip. For this there may be more reasons than one. In the first place, such a crop requires a great amount of labour, and labour is dear, especially during summer. Secondly, such a crop cannot with them, as with us, be eaten upon the ground by sheep; but requires in the "fall" to be carted and stored in cellars. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, there can be no doubt that, if the ground were fairly clear of "stumps," and labourers more plenty, the cultivation of the turnip and other useful roots would be gone into, and the result be profitable to the farmer. They would keep more cattle, and, consequently, produce more cheese, butter, and other articles, for which there is always a ready market at remunerative prices, which is not always the case with wheat. By growing more turnips, they would feed more cattle; more cattle would produce more manure, and more manure would ensure a more abundant crop even of wheat.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the soil is equally well adapted for growing other cereals besides wheat, and other roots besides turnips.

Orchard fruit grows to great perfection in Ontario, except when occasionally injured by frost. Almost every farmer has an orchard more or less extensive, but, as a rule, each grows as much fruit as will serve the family during the year.

Mr Anderson, a cousin of mine, who lives in the Township of Blenheim, forty or fifty miles west from Toronto, has an orchard of four acres, which was in full bloom when I was with him. It presented a most magnificent appearance, and ultimately yielded an excellent crop. It is worthy of notice, that the vine grows in the open air, and in favourable seasons yields a fair crop. My cousin referred to takes a great interest in the cultivation of the vine. When we were with him, the whole verandah of his house was shaded with vines, and it was very pleasant in a morning to look from our bedroom window and see the clusters of grapes hanging in scores.

So far I have spoken favourably of the soil of the country. It is but fair, however, that both sides should be stated. The following quotation from one of our daily papers will not only confirm all I have said, but will exhibit the dark side of the case better than I could have done:—"The soil of Canada is, on the whole, fertile, though it falls far short of the representations given by the Government, the average yield of the crop being very much less than that of Britain, though it is a little more than that of the United States. This low average is due, in a great measure, to *weevil, fly, rust, and smut* (the presence of which is not referred to in the Government pamphlets), but doubtless more so to the imperfect system of farming which is generally adopted. For instance, not one farmer in fifty puts manure on his land, except for his root crops, and the inevitable consequence is, that the land is getting exhausted, and

fields that formerly produced from thirty to forty bushels of wheat per acre now scarcely yield one-third of that quantity. With the introduction of more capital, an improved and more scientific education of the farming class, higher farming and the extension of the rotation of crops system, the prospects of farming would be much improved, though the length of the winter and consequent expense of feeding stock during that period, coupled with the amazing luxuriance of the Canadian thistle and other vegetable pests, will always prove a serious drawback to Canadian farming. Still Canada, as I have said, possesses a comparatively fertile soil, and I may add, a free representative Government, all the blessings of civil and religious liberty, healthy climate, an active and industrious people, abundance of copper, iron, salt, and other useful metalic and mineral deposits, immense forests, inexhaustible water power and productive fisheries. Its principal disadvantages are,—deficiency of capital, the length of its winters, want of population, and, consequently, scarcity of labourers and high price of labour, the prevalence of insect and vegetable pests, badness of roads and insufficiency of railway accommodation, want of drainage, and a few other minor things. Were these removed—and most of them will be before long—then Canada would possess all the elements of a great and prosperous nation, whose history will be written in many a brilliant page in the annals of humanity. A poor, hard-working man, either mechanic or farmer, will, if he is sober and industrious, do well in Ontario; or a man, active and intelligent,

with a little capital, will do well if he embarks in a business with which he is acquainted, if he is not too old."

In proportion to the population, there are very few landed proprietors in our country. Generally speaking, it would not be much more utopian on the part of a working man to anticipate the day when he would be a king, and wear a crown, than to anticipate the time when he would be able to cultivate his own farm. It is very different in Ontario. From the census taken in January, 1861, it appears that the number of persons in actual possession of land was 131,983. Of that number, 34,363 were in possession of farms ranging from one hundred to two hundred and fifty acres, while 98,000 possessed farms from ten to one hundred acres. Thus it appears that when the population was 1,396,091, the number in possession of land was 131,983, or very nearly one in every ten. If we take into account those indirectly connected with the land, such as carpenters, blacksmiths, saddlers, and others, we see what a large proportion of the population were in 1861 engaged in cultivating the soil. It is more than probable that the proportion will be very much the same still, although that cannot be definitely known until after the census in 1871. The total value of farm produce in Ontario in 1860 was close upon £20,000,000. Since then the increase must be great. From the same document we learn that the cash value of farms and farm implements in 1860 was £6,000,000, and this did not include live stock and crops in hand.

But after all that has been done, the work of subduing the forest is little more than begun. The total number of acres which had passed from Government into private hands, up to 1860, was only thirteen millions of acres, while only six millions had been brought under cultivation. No doubt, since then, much of the remainder will have been subdued, and a great quantity more taken possession of and cultivated. It may, however, be stated, that so long as it is cheaper for the farmer to burn wood than coal—of which there is none in Ontario—so long will a proportion of the land be allowed to grow trees. As a rule, every man purchasing one hundred acres of "bush," will reserve about twenty acres for fuel. Those who were not prudent enough to do so in former times are now paying the penalty. They find their stoves requiring a regular supply of fuel; they have none upon their own farms, and when they apply to their neighbours for a supply, the answer they receive is very similar to that given by the five wise to the five foolish virgins—"We have no fuel to spare, but go into the bush and buy for yourselves." To follow this advice, however, involves both great labour and expense.

Allowing, however, that one-fifth of all the land taken possession of still remains "bush," and making a large allowance for rocks, rivers, swamps, and so on, there cannot be less than forty or fifty millions of acres yet to be disposed of, and which is quite capable of being subdued. Here, then, we have a field sufficiently wide and encouraging to stimulate the able, energetic, persevering and sober among our working

men to attempt the improvement of their own circumstances, and of those connected with them. There is work yonder for thousands and tens of thousands of such men, and no doubt men to do the work will be found, and at some future period it will be said of them, what already can be said of others, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." As little more than sixty years ago, this vast district was little else than one dense forest, the work of subjugation still to be done, is not more surprising than the work which has already been accomplished; and the work already done, is a sure guarantee of what will be accomplished in the future.

In reference to agricultural implements, the farmers in Ontario are not in any respect behind this country. In almost every town and city visited, I found manufacturers of reaping and mowing machines, horse rakes, horse forks, and land cultivators of all descriptions. They appear to avail themselves of everything fitted to lessen manual labour. Whether they have been driven to this from the high price of labour, or from a spirit of enterprise, I don't know, but such is the fact. The farmers, while well to do, have not generally much capital in the shape of money, and hence employ as little labour as possible beyond their own family.

That money is scarce, is very evident from the frequent appearance in the newspapers of advertisements like the following:—"By borrowing of this company there is no possibility of the borrower being called on

suddenly or unexpectedly to pay off his debt. He pays to the company in all 10 per cent. per year; eight per cent. being for interest and the expenses of management; two per cent., his own money, he pays into a sinking fund at compound interest, and which cancels the debt in twenty-three years.

"He has, however, always the privilege of liberating his estate from the mortgage at any time on giving six months' notice, whilst the company remains bound to the end of the term of twenty-three years, and the amount he has paid into the sinking fund, with compound interest, is allowed him in settlement.

"He has the privilege, as he may find it convenient, of paying into the sinking fund, over and above his regular contribution, any even sum above one hundred dollars in reduction of his mortgage, and for which he is allowed six per cent. compound interest. No commission charged—no shares required to be taken—no fines to pay—and no expenses of renewals."

It may be asked, if the farmers strive to do all the work within themselves, "How is it that the price of labour is so high?" During the winter very little work can be done on the farm, and, accordingly, the farmer has very little need for servants; but when summer comes, and goes to work so rapidly, everything must be done promptly at the proper time, otherwise the crop might be lost. It is then that the scarcity of workmen is felt, and hence the high price paid for labour.

If ploughing and other farming operations could be proceeded with during winter, as with us, the price of

labour might not be so high ; but that cannot be done. Hence, in winter, the unskilled labourer is frequently not well employed, unless he find work for himself in the "bush." The wages of an unskilled workman in winter are not more than seventy-five cents, or three shillings per day ; in summer he gets a dollar and a half, and for six or seven weeks in harvest, two dollars per day ; in all cases board is included. Whether hired by the month or year, farm-servants are treated as members of the family. So far as I could learn, there are not "two tables" among the farmers in Ontario, master and servant fare together, and fare well. They have animal food three times a day, potatoes as frequently, and tea and pies are never awanting. I had no love for the pie institution, and as little for the tea they use—all green. I sometimes longed for a cup of right flavoured tea, and did enjoy it thoroughly when under the hospitable roof of Mr William Young, Hamilton.

Not only do the farmers and their retainers fare sumptuously every day, but they live in comfortable houses, although they are not so tasty in the external decorations of their dwellings as the people in the States. In winter I had the idea that their houses were kept too warm. It was not in harmony with my ideas of what was healthful, to sit in a room heated by a close stove to seventy or eighty degrees, and then to dash out into the open air during an intense frost. Were I to begin house-keeping in Ontario, it would be with open fire-places. It was impressed upon my mind that one reason why the old settlers can-

not stand the winter cold, so well as those newly from this country, is the way in which they keep their houses heated with stoves.

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## CHAPTER IX.

PRICE OF LAND—FREE GRANT LANDS—CONDITIONS—PLAN OF WORKING—PRICE OF CLEARED LAND—PRICE OF BUSH LAND—SUITABLE EMIGRANTS.

THE price of land in Ontario depends, of course, upon circumstances. If a person chooses to go a hundred miles north from Toronto, into the district of Muskoka, or Parry Sound, he may have land for nothing. The great objection urged against these Free Grant Lands is, that they are far out of the way. Doubtless, such is the case; but even now there is daily communication between them and Toronto, by means of rail, steamer, and stage.

It must not be forgotten that places, thirty years ago considered as much out of the way as Muskoka is considered now, are at the present time quite accessible. When my friends settled down, thirty years ago, in Blenheim, they were considered foolish for making choice of such an out-of-the-way place. Now, Blenheim is only seven miles on one side, and ten on the other, from a railway, with a gravelled road to both.

Although within a short distance of free grant lands, I was not over any part of them, and, therefore, cannot speak of them from my own observation. Very frequently, however, I heard them spoken of as being rough and rocky, although, what soil there is, was said to be good. But hear-say is not much to be depended on. My advice to intending emigrants would be—"Don't get elated when you hear these free grant lands praised, nor be cast down when you hear them disparaged. One thing is certain, they are Free Grant Lands."

Of these lands, Mr G. H. Hope, M.D., writing in *The Cottage and Artizan*, says—"Suppose a man has a family of four children above eighteen years of age, the Government will give him 200 acres for himself, and 100 for each of the children, either boys or girls, without any payment. But they will not allow him to rail the place in, and then leave the country till he can sell it. The object of the Government is to improve the colony, as well as to benefit the emigrant, and therefore he must agree to certain simple and reasonable conditions.

"The person must go to the place within a month after he has fixed on the locality—must clear and cultivate fifteen acres in each hundred, within five years. He must build a house such as he can live in, not less than sixteen by twenty feet; but if there are many in the family, the whole may live together, and not each one build a house. He may use any sort or quantity of timber for building, fencing, and clearing; but if he cuts down fine timber for sale, he has to pay

a small tax for each tree, called 'stump duty.' This is imposed, not for the money, but as a protection against people selling the timber who have no right to it. Any mines or mineral on the estate, are supposed to belong to the Government, if they choose to claim them. If these conditions are fulfilled, the land and all upon it become absolutely your own, and a title will be given at the end of five years.

"As a protection to the family of the emigrant, the law will not allow the land to be made away with or mortgaged until the title is given, nor within twenty years after settling, without the consent of the wife, if living. Nor can it within that twenty years be sold under execution for any debt, except a mortgage. The land, however, may be sold for taxes due to the Government. This offer is made by the Government to all persons at or past the age of eighteen years, so that a family of several children may take a large tract, and become in a few years possessors of a good estate. This is called the Homestead Law.

"The taxes are light—no tithes, church rate, or poor rate. There is a small rate for schools, and for construction of roads and drains, which, however, improve the property to a far greater amount than the sum levied.

"You can buy a frame house, all ready to put up, from £50 to £500 according to the size and style. But if your means are limited you can raise a comfortable log-house of the timber which grows around you. By 'Bee-ing it,' that is, by the neighbours helping in the work, like bees in a hive, it is astonishing in how

short a time it can be done. Eight or ten men will commence in the morning, fell trees, cut the logs into proper lengths, dress them, and have the house ready to shelter you in the same day. When you consider that many of the trees weigh from ten to fifteen tons, you can easily believe that cutting them down and removing them is very hard work.

"It requires a good deal of practice to use an axe properly, and in making the trees fall all one way, so that the logs may be drawn easily out. Any one not accustomed to the work will, for a time, make slow progress. It is much better to get a little land cleared by those who make a living by it, who have tools and oxen ready. It costs about £3 per acre [I heard it frequently stated as from £3 to £4], and is generally done by contract. When you have got sufficient land cleared to raise provisions, you can go on gradually by yourself."

There is a condition to which Mr Hope has not referred, viz., that the recipient of Free Grant Land must reside on his "lot" at least six months in the year. The other six months he may do as he thinks proper, and this liberty is of great advantage to men who have little or no money. Take the case of a young man who has obtained one hundred acres of Free Grant Land. After he has built a "shantie," he may have as much as will keep him during winter. While eating up this remaining capital, he cuts down as much of the forest as possible. When summer comes, his stores are exhausted. He can get nothing off his land for another year, but he goes to the frontier and

there gets plenty of work. In the "fall" he is in possession of what takes him over another winter; he then returns to his land, burns up the wood he had cut down previously, sows his wheat, fences it, and then proceeds to chopping down a few more acres. In this way he goes on till his land yields sufficient to sustain him during the whole year. This being the case, he is a man for the rest of his life, and may now look about for a wife to share his joys and sorrows.

If, however, he has a wife and family to begin with, he should, after building his house, have £100 in his pocket. With anything less than that he and his family might be subjected to considerable hardships for two or three years.

To go without wife and family or any companion whatever, may be considered rather lonely and repulsive. But as Mr G. H. Hope remarks, "why should not six young fellows, strong in soul and body, club together; go out early in the spring; select a 100 acre lot; spend perhaps twenty pounds in clearing two acres, building a house, and buying provisions and tools. Let two of your number remain on your lot, sow some grain, and plant a few potatoes and vegetables. Let the other four hire themselves out to work for the summer. They will then cost nothing for board and lodging, and earn some money besides.

"In November come back all of you and work on your own place through winter. If you have amongst you one who is a bit of a carpenter, another who understands something about cattle and farm work, and another who will undertake the household and cooking

department, you will be able to do a great deal in the way of clearing, fencing, building sheds, and enlarging and improving your house. If you have kept your eyes open, you will have picked up a good deal of information as to the best way of doing these things during the summer. The next spring do the same thing—or, perhaps, three go off to work, and the other three remain on your own place. By steady perseverance you will soon, at furthest in a few years, be in a position to write home either for the old people, or you will each know who better than I do."

Men who have capital, and would prefer not going to the Free Grant Lands, can purchase "bush" land at from one to three dollars per acre. Of course, the price varies according to situation and nature of soil. In 1867 the Government sold 132,000 acres, the average price of which was one dollar and a half, or six shillings and threepence per acre.

Those again who have large capital—say from one to two thousand pounds—and who do not wish to rough it in the "bush," can purchase cleared farms, the price of which ranges from five to eight pounds per acre. There are always plenty of such farms in the market. Land is not with them as with us, entailed and locked up in certain families. There is "free trade" in land in Ontario.

If the farmers in Ontario be, as represented, in comfortable circumstances, though not possessed of much money capital—how, it may be asked—does it come that they should sell their cleared farms? Well, in the first place, some of the farmers there, as

at home, go in for whisky drinking, and drink until they are all but ruined, soul, body and estate. These are forced to sell. But perhaps the most common reason is, that the man who found a hundred acres quite sufficient to meet all his wants when the family were young, finds when they are grown up that it is too small. The family ties are very strong, more so apparently than at home; and the old people, rather than send their sons into towns, or anywhere else, resolve to sell their estate, go back into the "bush," and purchase as much land as will be farms for themselves and each of the family. These settle down near each other, are ever ready to render mutual aid, and to share each others joys and sorrows. I met in my travels several families, with whom in early life I was acquainted, who had acted in this way.

The above method of going to work, is very suitable both to the old and new settlers. The parties newly from the old country, and who buy the cleared farms, know something of farming, but are totally ignorant of bush life—the probability being, that at home they never cut down a single tree; and, on the other hand, those who sell the cleared land, have been acquainted with bush life from childhood, and know well how to wield an axe, and do all manner of work necessary for the clearing of the forest.

Moreover, there is a class of men with grown up sons, who buy a wild lot, cut down the trees, build a house, fence the land, crop it for a few years, and then move off to perform a similar task elsewhere. These are strong, willing fellows, who would not

thank you for an old place where every thing was fixed. They like the excitement of clearing, and a free independent life. Restless spirits, they are ever on the move, but are exceedingly useful in a new country, where they literally turn the wilderness into a fruitful field.

There are two classes of men specially required, and certain to succeed in Ontario. The first consists of men with capital, who could at once purchase cleared farms, cultivate them properly, and thus set old settlers free to go and break up new ground. After what I saw and heard in Ontario, it is surprising to me that capitalists at home should compete with each other, as to the leasing of a farm at a rack rent, when, by putting their money in their pocket, and going to Ontario, they could purchase land at not much more per acre than they pay rent for it here, and be at perfect liberty to shoot whatever vermin presumed to injure their crops.

The other class equally wanted, and equally certain to succeed, comprises sober, industrious men, with a good capital of bone and sinew, who would take off their coats and go to work upon the forest, with both hands earnestly. Blest with health, the success of such men is beyond a doubt. With few opportunities of improving their conditions at home, in Ontario they would, with scarcely an exception, make to themselves a comfortable home, and in old age, feel free from all reasonable fears of ever having to darken the doors of a poorhouse, or eat a pauper's crust.

It is my firm conviction that had I gone to Ontario when a young man, and done one-half of the hard work, performed during the first ten years of my working life, I would have been at present one of the largest lairds in Canada. An over-ruling Providence had other work for me to do. But when I reflect that, for more than twenty-five years, I toiled like a slave for mere existence, something like regret does spring up in my mind—regret that I did not go to Canada in early life. Frequently when travelling through the "bush," and seeing the back-woods-man at work, the thought crossed my mind that had my long-tried friend, Willie Brown, and myself, carried out the resolution we once formed, and gone to America, what dreadful havoc we would have made among the trees. Men in the prime of life, and possessed of much physical vigour, could do still what we could have done then, and hence with perfect honesty I say to the working man, with no other prospect than that of being a farm-servant or day-labourer—Ontario is the country for you.

To myself there is, at least, one consolation. Though not allowed to turn a hundred acres of forest into a fruitful field, and call it my own, I have, to some extent, been permitted to do a little in that way in the moral wilderness of my country; and if hitherto tossed about from post to pillar, having, in one sense, no fixed place of abode, still this manner of life has brought me into pleasant intercourse with thousands of Scotland's noblest sons, and has led to the formation of many endearing friendships which otherwise

would have had no existence. This, if rightly estimated, is perhaps of more value to me than a farm in Ontario. At all events, it is just as well for me to persuade myself that such is the case.

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## CHAPTER X.

ADVICE TO EMIGRANTS—ILLUSTRATIONS OF SUCCESS—SWAMPS —MOSQUITOES.

A FEW things may be noticed here which, in my opinion, should be carefully attended to by emigrants. It should be laid down as a first principle, that, come what may, you will not drink intoxicating drink. Drink is the curse of working men in Canada as it is at home. Whisky is cheap there, it is very bad, and to obtain it every facility is afforded.

When you arrive in the country don't linger about the large towns or cities longer than you can help. This applies specially to labourers and farm-servants. You should not be nice in the choice of work, but take the first you can get, by which you may earn a dollar. Never mind how humble it may be; show that you can, and are willing to work, and there is no danger but that you will get along. If you have been accustomed to farm work, try and get an engagement for the year, as work in winter is not plentiful. Work on, and be economical until you have saved as much

money as will buy 100 acres of "bush." You may not be able to pay the whole price at once, but you will be allowed to pay the remainder by instalments. Work upon your own lot during the winter, and work elsewhere for hire in summer. Perhaps the reader, if a young man, may say, "Well, I would like a place of my own, and to obtain it am willing to work hard; but what can I do? After paying my passage, I shall not have more than five pounds." Have no fears, young man—"A faint heart never won a fair lady." Five pounds is more than hundreds have had who yet have done well—some of these instances of success I will by and by mention.

If you are possessed of a small capital—say one or two hundred pounds, you must exercise great caution as to the investment of it. There is a saying common in Canada, as well as in the States, "That the first thing the man bringing money with him has to do, is to lose it, and after that he will begin to make it." Not being under the immediate necessity of working, they run about from place to place, looking for some Eden, until they squander their money, get home sick, and find going home or remaining equally difficult. The proper thing to do is, on your arrival, to lodge your money in a bank; take off your coat, and earn a dollar at any work you can obtain; in a quiet way get acquainted with the manners and customs of the country—especially with all that concerns clearing, cultivating, buying and selling land; and, in the course of a year or two, a good opportunity will be afforded you for investing your capital in some half or

wholly cleared lot, or in some other way equally satisfactory.

If you are a tradesman—say, a carpenter, or mason—are desirous of becoming a farmer, and possessed of as much capital as will purchase a hundred acres of "bush," but would rather work at your own trade than chop wood, you can let the clearing of the land on the following favourable terms. The party undertaking the work of clearance, binds himself to have it finished in so many years, and the remuneration he receives is just what crops he can take from the land, as he proceeds with the work. It is his interest to have it all cleared as soon as possible, and meanwhile, you will make more money at your trade than at chopping wood. If you are an unskilled workman, with money to buy a hundred acres of cleared land, but having nothing wherewith to stock the farm and carry on the work, you can let your farm to some one who can stock it, but who could not have bought it; and then engage to work for him. What, a landlord working for pay on his own property! Certainly, and why not? By doing so, you will see that your property gets fair play, and earn a salary at the same time. In Ontario there is no room for the "genteel idler, and very little for the genteel worker." Even men who own the land and all upon it, are not ashamed to work as hard as their labourers, and are respected for so doing. Indeed, the land is generally cultivated by its owners. Very few rent land. In the newer settled districts, the system of letting in shares is most common. If the owner gives only the land, he gets a

third of the produce, and if he finds stock also, he gets two thirds. In old settled districts, money rents are common, and leases of seven years are granted, with restrictions as to cropping. Land not within ten or twelve miles of a town, is let at a rent of two dollars per acre.

The following are illustrations of how men, with little or no capital, have succeeded in Ontario.

Thirty years ago, I accompanied a family of eight persons to Annan water-foot, and saw them on board a vessel bound for Quebec. After paying their passage money, they had remaining only about eighty pounds. The two elder children were twins, and twenty years of age. One of them instead of going with the family to Upper Canada, went to the south side of Lake Ontario and wrought there for five years at any work he could get to do. Ultimately, he was engaged by a flockmaster to take care of a flock of sheep, in the State of Illinois. He remained in that situation for eight years, and then with his savings bought of the Government 700 acres of rolling prairie land, for which he had to pay three dollars per acre.

He paid what he could at the time, and the remainder by instalments. In 1869, when I visited him, his estate was clear, and with the exception of twenty or thirty acres of "bush," and as much of swamp, which could easily be drained, his farm is all under cultivation. He had then upon the farm a two storey brick house, ten horses, four or five cows, sixty-seven swine, and poultry without number.

He had also twenty-one horses grazing on a

distant prairie-land for which he pays nothing, except three dollars a-head to the man who takes charge of them along with other three thousand head of cattle. Were he to sell his estate, he would expect for it forty dollars per acre in gold. When talking together he said, "Had I remained in Roxburghshire, I might have had my 'pack' clear, and been sitting in a little cottage with a cabbage garden, not my own. Now, I could divide my property into seven parts, and give each of my children a farm upon which a family could be comfortably maintained."

Another man, a tailor, with whom I was acquainted from my infancy, left Scotland twelve years ago, and settled down north-east from Toronto. Some kind friends assisted him to emigrate. Since then he has maintained his family in comfort, and is now in possession of property worth two thousand dollars. As he himself remarked to me, had he remained at home, with the health he had enjoyed, he could have brought up his family decently, but he would have been minus the property he now possesses.

John Smith, in early life, wrought many a hard day's work with Willie Brown and myself, and had just sufficient brain to do a thing after he had been shown the way how. He got married, and went to Ontario. He has reared a large family, and now sits in his own house, built on his own ground, keeps a cow and pig, and is enjoying life in his old days, free from want or care. A volume could be written in telling of the men I met with, who, from being labourers at home, have become farmers in Ontario.

One very noticeable thing in Ontario is the number of "swamps" to be found in almost every district. Some of these are called "cedar swamps," from the fact that a tree grows in them called cedar. These trees often form a thicket so dense that there is no possibility of getting through, except with hatchet in hand.

When a road is to be formed through such places, the trees are cut down, denuded of their branches, and then laid across the intended road; thus forming what are called "corduroy roads." Formerly, when biped and quadruped travelled along such roads, they had just to step from one trunk to another, and were alike expert at such a method of locomotion. Now, however, such roads are usually covered with gravel.

These swamps consist of decomposed vegetable matter, which has been accumulating for ages, and is often of great depth. I had the curiosity to measure the depth of one, and found it to be eight feet of black mould. If drained, the depth would, of course, be considerably less. That they will all ultimately be drained there can be no doubt; but how it is to be done is not so easy to determine. They frequently extend through a great many farms, and it is not an easy matter to get a number of men to act in concert.

The contents of these swamps forms the very best of manure. An intimate friend, who had a farm near St Fergus, informed me that one "fall" he had three acres to sow with wheat. He had a small swamp on

his farm, and tried the experiment of laying part of its contents upon half an acre. The result was that from that half acre, he had nearly as much wheat as from the two and a half. This proves what a mine of wealth is laid up in these swamps, if properly treated; whilst in their present state, they are productive of no small amount of positive evil. They are considered, and doubtless on good grounds, to be the principal cause of "ague" and "marsh fever," and form the chief breeding places of those tormentors of man and beast — "mosquitoes." If asked, when smarting under the bite of such insects, of what use are they in creation? we would readily reply, no use whatever; they are perfect pests. But may it not be with the mosquitoes, as with many other things in creation, the profitable use of which we do not know? Their existence is part of a wise and beneficent arrangement, and so they must have been created for the accomplishment of some good purpose; and it does seem that the maligned mosquitoes do good service to man. But for them the swamps of Ontario would be much more injurious than they are. This was satisfactorily established and explained, by a scientific gentleman, in the "Toronto Globe" during the summer of 1869. He appealed to the following experiment.

Two vessels were filled with water. One of these was allowed to stand uncovered, so that the mosquitoes had free access to it. The other was covered with a fine gauze cloth, which admitted the air, but excluded the insects. The result was that the water from which the insects were excluded very soon

emitted a disagreeable smell, while that into which they were freely admitted continued quite fresh.

If this writer be correct,—and there is no reason to think he is not,—then the presence of mosquitoes in Ontario in myriads, is a wise and beneficent arrangement on the part of a gracious Creator, whose tender mercies are over all his works. So long, then, as the Canadians refuse to enrich themselves by draining their swamps, so long, in kindness must these insects be allowed to remain among them, to stimulate their energies, and to prevent the swamps from becoming a still more deadly nuisance.

In Scotland we have no swamps similar to those found in Ontario; but we have the *drink swamp*, in which is locked up a great amount of wealth, and from which come evils one hundred times more dreadful than ague, marsh fever, and mosquitoes. What is ague compared with delirium tremens? What is marsh fever as compared to the diseases created or fostered by strong drink? And what is the bite of a mosquito compared to the vice, crime, pauperism, misery, and death directly resulting from our undrained drink swamp? If the health, wealth, and comfort of the Canadians would be greatly increased by the draining of their swamps, it would be a thousand times more advantageous for us were we doing the same thing with ours.

The Canadian swamps, we have seen, extend in many cases through a number of farms, and, owing to the difficulty of getting men to act in concert in such a matter, it is probable that Government may have to

do the work, and charge a per centage upon each farmer, in proportion to the number of acres drained on his farm.

Now while maintaining the right, duty, and necessity of Government interference that the work of draining our *drink swamp* may be accomplished, there is this difference between the Canadians and us which must not be overlooked. With us, every man, who is so inclined, can drain his own swamp. But notwithstanding this, we have parties among us who make a great noise about the public cellars of the nation being drained, while their own continue nothing but a "*swamp*." Such reformers remind me of the following fable:—

"An adventurous youth went in quest of 'Fortune.' He sought her in all lands—but to no purpose. Arrived in India, he was told she was to be found in Japan; in Japan, he was told she was not there. Wearied with the bootless quest, he turned his footsteps homewards, and lo! he found her seated at a neighbour's door."

Reader, if you would see a time when there will be no necessity for any one leaving home for Ontario, when all willing to work will be employed, and receive a "fair day's wage for a fair day's work," when ignorance, pauperism, vice, crime, and other physical and moral evils will be all but unknown, then let me counsel you that, whatever you do by education, sanitary reform, or other agencies for the draining of our social swamps, all true social reform must begin and end with personal abstinence.

## CHAPTER XI.

APPEARANCE OF ONTARIO—ITS FENCES—ROADS—RAILWAYS—PRESS—POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS—EDUCATION—RELIGIOUS PRIVILEGES—GOVERNMENT—WATER—COST OF LIVING—CROWS, BIRDS, FROGS.

No two countries could resemble each other less than Scotland and Ontario. Exclusive of the Falls of Niagara, the latter is as destitute of good and varied scenery, as the former is famous for both. After one day's travelling in Ontario, you have seen all that could be seen in a month—so great is the similarity of the country. Its surface is rolling, or undulating, and in many parts very flat, so that railways and roads can be made at comparatively little expense. Its general appearance is very rough, as few of the fields are quite cleared of stumps, and the fences, although efficient, are perhaps the most curious structures ever man raised or looked upon. These fences are formed of split cedar rails, twelve feet long, piled above each other to the height of eight feet, and laid in a zig-zag manner. They are very appropriately called crooked fences. In some instances, the fences consist of stumps of pine trees which have been dug up, and are made to fence the ground that produced them. Such stumps make an efficient, lasting, but very unsightly

fence. Speaking of the external features of the country, a poet, Fisher from Galashiels, says:—

"Boggy swamps and dingy forests,
Wooden huts and stumps of trees;
Here and there a patch of tillage,
Form the staple that ane sees.

"Here there's nae romantic grandeur,
Rocky steeps, or heath-clad hills;
Creeks and streams are dark and muddy,
Flagged wi' saw-dust frae the mills."

The roads of Ontario, as regards length and breadth, are all that could be desired. The breadth, as fixed by law, is sixty-six feet. They run parallel to each other at a distance of one and a half, to two miles, going from south to north; and these again are crossed at right angles by others running from east to west, at a distance from each other of one mile. The distances may vary, but the roads are so near each other, and the country is so intersected by them, that it resembles a huge draught-board. So many squares form a township or parish, so many townships form a county, and so many counties form a province.

Roads near to, or running between important points are gravelled, and, in some rare instances, Macadamized; but the great bulk of them are without mettle of any description, and are called clay roads. In summer and winter they are good; but in the fall and spring very bad.

There are various plans for making and upholding roads. What are called county-roads, are made and repaired by the county, but others are made by private companies, and even by single individuals. In the latter instances, toll is exacted, and as little as possible done to keep the roads in good repair. Township and concession roads, are made and kept in repair by "statute labour." Every man above twenty-one years of age must give one or two days' work yearly, and farmers and others must give in proportion to their property. The inhabitants of each locality have so much road allotted to them, upon which they must annually expend so much labour. That this may be faithfully attended to, the "select-men" in every township appoint a "path-master" for each district, whose duty it is to call out the forces at the most convenient season, and see that the work is properly done. The "path-master" may be a farmer, storekeeper, druggist, post-master, or any other person thought trustworthy. Calling upon a druggist, I was told he was "path-master" this year, and was out superintending the repairing of the roads.

The railway system has been greatly extended of late in Ontario. There were 1,400 miles in operation when I was in the province, and more were on the eve of being constructed. So surrounded is the country with fresh-water seas that it will soon possess all the advantages of cheap and ready transit which can be desired.

Newspapers are more plentiful in Ontario than even with us. Every little town and village has its daily,

or weekly paper. "The Globe" is a daily, published at Toronto, and is said to be the principal paper in the province. It is the property of the Hon. George Brown, and is edited by an old friend of our good cause, the Rev. Mr Inglis, late of Banff.

The postal arrangements of the country, though far inferior to what they are at home, are upon the whole not bad. Letters lie till called for. If not called for within a month, they are advertised in the local newspaper. The number of letters sent through the post office in 1866 was seventeen million. The telegraph extends to all the principal towns and cities; the charge for ten words being one shilling, and for every extra word, one half-penny.

They have what is considered by some an excellent system of education; but not having made myself fully acquainted with its principles and working, I am not at liberty to pronounce an opinion on its merits. A writer in the "Daily Review," Edinburgh, says, "In the province of Ontario there has been, for many years, a provincial system of education, in which the matter of religious instruction is left entirely in the hands of the three trustees chosen by the ratepayers. Without the aid of reliable statistics, it is impossible to say to what extent the Bible is read in our common schools, but I would say that it is generally read, though not so generally as could be wished."

I saw no reason for concluding that religious privileges were less attainable than at home. No doubt, it frequently happens, that families who go back into the "bush" find themselves distant from a place of

worship. But in such cases, the Methodists, who are the most numerous denomination in Ontario, and are known over the civilized world for activity and indomitable perseverance, take good care that the families who cannot go to a preacher have a preacher sent to them. These preachers may know nothing of the learning of the schools, but they know the gospel, and can proclaim the fact that "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." The ecclesiastical polity of the Methodists is more elastic than our somewhat stiff Presbyterianism, and seems better adapted to a new country. In 1860, the number of Methodists in Ontario was 341,000; Episcopalians, 311,000; Presbyterians, 303,000; Roman Catholics, 258,000.

Not many years ago, there were three Presbyterian Churches in Ontario—one was connected with the Established Church of Scotland, the second with the Free Church, and the third with the United Presbyterian Church. The two latter had become one previous to my visit, and were living and working so harmoniously, that the wall of partition had not only been obliterated, but almost forgotten. Perhaps it might dispel the fears of some "anti-unionists" at home, were they to take a trip to Canada and see how well the union works there. It is thought by many that, ere long, the other member of the family will go and live under the roof with her united sisters. There is no Established Church in Canada; and since the disendowment took place, sectarianism has

been fast passing away, while morality and religion have sustained no loss.

The Government of Canada is partly Federal and partly Local. There is a Federal Government and Legislature for the whole dominion, while each of the provinces—Quebec and Ontario—have a Government and Legislature of their own. The seat of the general Government is Ottowa, a city situated north from Kingston, and standing on the banks of the river from which it takes its name. In 1860, Ottowa had a population of 11,000. The seat of the local Government of Ontario is Toronto, a city situated upon the north side and west end of Lake Ontario. It had a population of about 45,000. The Government consists of a Lieutenant Governor, Executive Council, and Legislative Assembly. This Assembly consists of 82 members, and is elected every four years. The franchise is limited to males of 21 years of age and upwards, being British subjects, and possessed of property to the value of £80 in a city, £60 in a town, and £40 in a village. Aliens cannot vote for members of this Assembly; but they can acquire land, and after a residence of three years, with little trouble, can become entitled to all the rights of a British subject.

Water power in Ontario is almost boundless. There have been greater exaggerations than to say, that it would supply motive power to all the machinery in the world. There is therefore great facilities for carrying on every description of manufactures.

The principal articles manufactured are woollen,

linen and cotton cloth. Mr Henderson, who keeps a store in London, informed me that for twelve months he had sold no Tweed but what had been made in Ontario, and he was of opinion that they would soon produce as much of that kind of cloth as would be required. Besides large quantities of sawn-timber, which may be seen piled up mountains high at the various saw-mills and railway stations, they produce furniture, paper, soap, salt, steam-engines, agricultural implements, and wooden-ware of all kinds. After what has been said, it is scarcely necessary to state that good water can be had with very little trouble anywhere in Ontario.

If asked what parties are not wanted, and least likely to succeed in Ontario, I would say, if you are determined to be a store-keeper, a clerk, or a lawyer, stop at home. Old settlers who don't wish their sons to rough it as they did, are supplying more clerks, store-keepers, and lawyers than are required. If your highest ambition is to be a butler, a flunkey, or a professional gardener, stop at home. The parties, as we have said, most needed and most likely to succeed, are sober, industrious men, with strong arm and determined will, who are willing to face hard work, fear God, and keep from drink.

The cost of living does not appear to be much different from what it is in Scotland. Animal food, flour and tea, are cheaper than with us, but, with the exception of the flour, scarcely so good. Clothing, sugar, boots and shoes, are higher in price than in Scotland. Though cloth is higher in price than with

us, a man will not expend so much on clothing as at home. They do not spend money upon fine black cloth as we do, in order to attend church, funerals and other gatherings. Fine black cloth under a buffalo coat would be of little use. Their dress in winter consists of a strong rough sort of tweed and a fur cap; and in summer, they must have something light and airy, and much cheaper than anything we wear.

There was nothing I missed more in my travels than crows. Not that Ontario is altogether destitute of such sable birds, but they are evidently not of that social turn of mind so characteristic of our own. When they are seen, it is only in pairs, and never in the numerous, noisy, and merry flocks so common in Scotland. There are, however, plenty of birds in Ontario, among which is found the humming bird, whose plumage is so gorgeous, but, like myself, they are all destitute of music.

"Wood notes wild from brake or forest
Never charm the stranger's ear;
Birds there are, but mute and dowy,
'*Chirp*,' from them is all you hear.

How unlike the mellow mavis,
And the blackbird's notes sae clear;
Making woods and valleys vocal,
In the spring time of the year."

But if Ontario cannot boast of social crows and musical birds, it may challenge the world for noisy frogs. Its swamps are swarming with these creatures, and during the spring and summer they do make a noise. They are called the "Canadian *brass band*."

## CHAPTER XII.

FROM BOSTON TO MONTREAL—WINTER WORK—GAMES—MONTREAL—LABOURS IN CANADA EAST—WORK IN MONTREAL AND PROVINCES.

ARRANGEMENTS were made that I should be in Montreal on the 16th, and, along with Mrs Easton, I left Hyde Park on the morning of the 15th February, 1869. Rain was pouring down in torrents, while a dense fog had settled down upon Boston, forcibly reminding us of Glasgow. It was the first rain I had seen since leaving Scotland, and I felt pleased to meet once more with an old familiar friend.

We left Boston at 8 a.m., and by the time we got into Newhampshire, instead of rain we had snow. The whole country through which we passed was covered with it, and so nothing else could be seen. We reached St Alban's at 7 p.m., where we halted for tea, and changed cars; after this we got along at a very indifferent rate. It was very evident that we had got into the hands of a railway company, which did not study the comfort of passengers as much as the one which had brought us from Boston. At 10.30, we were crossing the St Lawrence by the Victoria Bridge, and were congratulating ourselves that in a few minutes we would be at our journey's end; we were sadly mistaken. After crossing the river, we stuck fast in a snow drift for two hours. When

extricated from our not very comfortable position, we found our way to the "Ottowa Hotel," where we took up our abode. On the following morning, the streets were covered with snow from six to eight feet deep, and icicles were hanging at the eaves of the houses from eight to ten feet long, and as thick as a man's thigh. "It was winter with nature," and I felt disposed to say, "and winter with me." The snow was five feet deep even in the "bush," where there could be no drifting. I had witnessed severe snow storms in Scotland, but they appeared small affairs compared with the snow in Lower Canada in the spring of 1869. There was as much snow as would have made half-a-dozen most respectable storms in our own country. With as great a depth of snow, and for such a length of time, in Scotland there would be few of the fleecy flocks left alive in the month of May. The fall of snow, however, in 1869, was much greater than it had been in any year for the previous fifty years. Railways were blocked up, the arrival and departure of trains was quite uncertain, and the companies were involved in great expense in their efforts to keep the track clear.

Notwithstanding the depth of snow, work is not wholly suspended. True, farmers who have got their farms in good order, do not require to work much in winter; still there is a vast amount of work to be done in the country. An open winter in Canada would be a calamity. Snow and frost are both required to meet the wants of the people. It is by means of frost and snow that they are able to break a

road across swamps, rivers, marshes, and even some of their smaller lakes. In this way they can bring together rails for fencing, bricks and stones for building, and fuel from the *bush*. Cutting wood for the stoves is done only in winter. In winter, the "lumber-men" cut down the giant pine trees, and get them conveyed, by the power of oxen, to saw-mills and railway stations; and in winter, "back-woods-men" cut down the forest, preparatory to sowing wheat in the "fall" of the year. The storing of ice also affords much employment in winter. The quantity of ice stored, in such a city as Montreal, is something fabulous. During my stay, a number of men were daily employed upon the river cutting blocks of ice, four feet square, with a saw adapted for the purpose; and others were engaged in taking these blocks to the cellars in sledes drawn by horses. Every day hundreds of horses might be seen coming across the river—coming up and down the river—in fact, coming from "a' the airts the wind could blaw," bringing all kinds of farm produce and fire-wood to the Montreal market; and besides all this activity, a large number of both men and horses were daily engaged, all the time I was in the city, in clearing the streets of snow.

But in winter, they have not only work, but amusements also, peculiar to the season. The game of curling is very popular among the Canadians; but cannot, as with us, be engaged in in the open air. Where there is a will, however, there is a way. The Canadians enclose their curling ponds in large wooden sheds, which, during the day, are lighted by large

windows in the roof and sides; and when the shades of evening come down, they can light up with gas, and so carry on the roaring game as long as they please. The same thing is done with skating ponds, which serve much the same purpose with them as fancy ball-rooms with us. In the evening these places are brilliantly lighted up, and there the fashionables of the city meet, and to the strains of music, amuse themselves upon the ice. Snow shoe racing is another game into which the Canadians enter with great spirit. These shoes very much resemble a boy's paper kite, and are fastened to the foot by means of straps. It is surprising with what rapidity and apparent ease a man can get along over the snow, if he has been accustomed to the use of such shoes. I went one afternoon to see races of this description, and if not greatly edified, I was at least greatly amused.

But I must return to my narrative. After breakfast on the morning of the 16th of February, walking along the corridor of our Hotel, we were met by a young man who said, with a smile, "Mr and Mrs Easton, 'this is no your ain house, I ken by the biggin' o't.'" I knew not the man, but was perfectly well acquainted with his voice. The speaker was Mr Morrison from Toronto, brother-in-law to my old and tried friend Mr Robert Rae, and never did the voices of two persons more resemble each other than those of Mr Morrison and Mrs Rae.

My curiosity prompted me to ask Mr Morrison how he knew us, and why he addressed us as he did? He replied, "It is fourteen years since I heard you

address a meeting in the City Hall of Glasgow. I have never seen you since, and yet I knew you at once when I saw you this morning at the breakfast table. The reason I accosted you as I did is easily explained: When you stood up in the City Hall, on the occasion referred to, you looked all around, and then said, 'This is no my ain house, I ken by the biggin' o't.' I have never forgotten the incident, and to-day, when you made your appearance, it came up as fresh as ever in my mind."

In Montreal, I met not only with good friends, but with many old temperance reformers from Scotland. The first meeting I addressed in Montreal was the Annual Meeting of the Temperance Society. It was held in Zion Chapel, on Thursday, the 18th of February, the Rev. Dr Taylor in the chair. From three to four hundred persons were present; and among those who addressed the meeting was the Rev. A. Duff, late of Hawick, now of Cherebrooke. I was very much delighted to meet with Mr Duff, and equally pleased to learn that, at his request, the Montreal Society had agreed that I should go with him for a week. We left Montreal on Saturday the 20th, at 2 p.m., and reached Cherebrooke at 9, having travelled one hundred miles. For the first forty or fifty miles after leaving Montreal, the country on both sides of the road is level, but when once we got into the valley of the St Francis River, it became very undulating. The high ground is covered with trees, and in summer the country must be very picturesque.

Cherebrooke contains a population of nearly 5000,

one half of whom are Catholics, the other Protestants. I preached for Mr Duff on Sabbath morning; gave a temperance discourse in the afternoon in Lennoxtown — a town distant three miles — and in the evening, returned and addressed a crowded meeting in Mr Duff's Church. On Monday night we had the Town Hall crowded—not fewer than 500 being present, and a Member of Senate occupied the chair.

On the following day, Mr Duff drove me in his sleigh to Eton Corner, in the County of Compton—a distance of sixteen miles. If the pleasure of being driven, in such a style over such a depth of snow, was not quite exquisite, it was at least quite new. We arrived in safety after some rough tussels by the way, in which our horse had its full share.

We attended a congregational meeting on the evening of our arrival, and on the following day, spoke at a County Temperance Convention, and in the evening at a public meeting.

It was a clear moon-light night, hard frost, and to me a rare treat to see the people assembling from every quarter in their sleighs, wearing fur caps and buffalo great-coats, while every horse, as it came over the snow, was ringing its own bell on its way to the temperance meeting. Sixty-five persons took the pledge that evening, and a motion was moved and carried that the Committee at Montreal be requested to send me into the district for a time.

On Thursday, Mr Duff and I got back to Cherebrooke, and in the evening we had a crowded meeting in the Town Hall. I met with many kind friends at

Cherebrooke, and therefore with no small reluctance bade them good bye.

I left Cherebrooke on Friday morning at nine o'clock, fully expecting to be in Montreal by two p.m., but owing to the deep snow, we did not arrive until late in the evening, having been thirteen hours in travelling 100 miles. After being in Montreal for fourteen days, I knew nothing of its general aspect, so completely was it buried in snow, and how it may look when that thick veil is thrown off, I cannot say. During the first ten days of March, the thermometer ranged from ten to sixteen degrees below zero; still I did not feel cold, although sufficient indications were afforded that care was necessary, lest my ears should be frost bitten some night before I was aware. The danger of such a mishap would have been less, had I been sensible enough to wear a fur cap instead of a "tile hat."

No person will remain long in Montreal before he finds out that the principal buildings are the property of the Catholic Church.

In Montreal, for the first time in my life, I visited a Catholic place of worship, viz., the Church of the Jesuits and Notre Dame. The former of these is a most magnificent structure, and were I residing in Montreal, I might visit it for the same reason that I sometimes visit the Picture Gallery in Edinburgh. Notre Dame is a very different looking place. It is large, but has a very dirty and dingy appearance. A number of women, young and old, were going from picture to picture, kneeling before each, and evidently

engaged in devotional exercise. I had frequently heard of this being done, but had never seen it till then. The sight made me rather uncomfortable, so I left without delay.

Having met Captain Sommerville—a young man from Dunblane—he hired a sleigh and drove me up the river, with four feet of snow and as much of ice between us and its water, until we were right under the centre span of the Victoria Bridge —one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill in the world. This bridge is nearly two miles long; has twenty-three spans, each 242 feet in length, and one in the centre, which is 330; with two stone abutments, each 242 feet long. The height of the centre span above the river, is over 60 feet. Gazing upon this noble structure, a feeling of awe crept over me, and for a time I stood in solemn silence, thinking what a proof was now before me, that God had made man but a little lower than the angels, and had crowned him with honour and dignity.

During the first week of March, I addressed meetings in various parts of the city—some pretty large, others small. It seemed to me that the committee had a good share of Scotch caution, and wished to know what I was worth, before taking decided steps to secure good meetings. If such was the case, they did perfectly right. However, for the second week's meetings, they took the Mechanics' Hall at £2 per night, and the result was that, in five nights, I addressed an aggregate of six thousand people.

On the 15th of March, I left Montreal for the purpose

of visiting a few townships in the valley of the St Francis River. I left per an accommodation train, or what we would call a luggage train, with a passenger car attached to it. The snow was very deep, and in three hours we had only got five miles from where we started.

There were three passengers — two ladies and myself. Being an old married man, I managed to remain silent, and the ladies followed my example. Thus silence reigned until we came to a dead halt—stuck fast in a snow-drift. Being now fellow travellers in adversity, we felt a strong desire to express sympathy with each other, and made a bold attempt to do so, but, alas! the attempt proved an utter failure. They did not understand English, far less broad Scotch, and I did not understand one word of French. When we found we could not understand each other, we just took a hearty laugh together. It was some consolation to find that we laughed very much alike, proving, as I thought, that we were all three descended from the honest pair, who, long ago, began house-keeping in Eden's Garden, and not from any of the monkey tribe, as some of our would-be philosophers would have us believe.

When we could not converse by speech, one of the ladies—for nothing can beat the ladies for ready invention—held up one finger, then another and another, until the whole five were spread out. She had become a professor of signs, and it was now my part to try and read them. Concluding that she wanted to know how many cars were off the track, I plunged into the snow-drift, made my way along

the train, found that five cars were off, returned and made known this fact to the ladies by holding up my five fingers. On this occasion, for the first time, I noticed that their rails are not so firmly fixed as ours. I was puzzled to know how the cars were to be got on the rails again; but that was no business of mine, and why annoy myself about it.

After two hours' hard work, the cars once more occupied their proper place, and we moved on, but at a very slow rate. The consequence of the detention was, that, at 10 o'clock, we were ten miles distant from Waterville, where I was expected to lecture. Instead, therefore, of going forward, I left the cars at Sherebrooke, and remained over the night, giving up all thoughts of seeing Waterville. But on the following morning, the Rev. Mr Parkas, having learned from the conductor that I had left the train at Sherebrooke, came thither with his horse and sleigh, informed me that the people of Waterville were determined not to let me off, that a meeting had been announced to be held in his church at 2 p.m., and that I must just bundle and go. After a drive of ten miles up the river St Francis, we reached Waterville in good time, and had a most hearty meeting. When the meeting and the dinner had been got through, the sleigh was again called into requisition, and we started for Compton, the county town. Mr Parkas' son acted as driver, and shortly after starting, when turning a corner, managed to upset the sleigh, and send his father and myself right into the snow drift, where we lay sprawling—as my friend John Duncan

would say—like two "stranded dolphins." As fast as we could, we gathered ourselves up, and after a drive of eight miles along a road covered with snow eight feet deep, we arrive at our destination, and had the pleasure of addressing an excellent meeting.

On the following day, we were driven to Moes Mill—a village standing on the banks of Moes river. We had a crowded meeting, and were thus enabled to bear up with good grace under what, in other circumstances, we would have resented. We were glad, however, when early next morning, a Mr Cairns called, and drove us in his double sleigh to Clifton—a distance of twelve miles.

This was by far the roughest journey I had yet experienced, owing to our way lying right through a "bush." It was quite a treat to see how dexterously Mr Cairns guided his pair of horses through among the trees. Though only three-year-olds, the horses knew the way well, and took everything with perfect calmness. When in the very heart of the "bush," we came upon a number of men who had cut down a large tree, and were making ready to have it taken away by means of two powerful bullocks. The tree lay right across our path, and until removed, we could not get along. We had no alternative, therefore, but to dismount, and assist in getting it out of the way. True, we might have said again, "This is no business of ours;" but sitting in a sleigh and in a car are two very different things. We had an excellent meeting at Clifton; and on the following day travelled five miles to Sawyervillie, where we met Mr Orr, a most intelli-

gent man, and Secretary of the County Temperance Union, under whose auspices we were travelling.

At this place I attended the funeral of a young woman, who had died of consumption. The company met in a church, where a most solemn and appropriate address was delivered, and a brief account given of the life and death of the deceased. My attention was arrested by the fact that the company were all dressed in "tweed," or some such like cloth of all shades of colour, and wore fur caps or wide-awakes. Not a black coat, bit of crape, nor black kid glove was to be seen. In the evening there was a large meeting. On the following day, which was the Sabbath, I delivered a temperance discourse at Eton Corner to a large, intelligent, and attentive congregation, and then went twelve miles to the township of Bury, and addressed an equally good meeting in the evening. At Bury, I was the guest of Mr Farewell, a government land-agent, who has 500,000 acres of land to dispose of, price one and a half dollar per acre. Mr Farewell is, theologically, a universalist, and seemed not indisposed to enter into controversy on that subject. Not wishing to engage in discussion with him, I merely asked if he believed that sinners who died having rejected Christ, would not undergo punishment? "O yes," he replied, "but not for ever." "They will get justice," I said. "No doubt of that," he replied, "justice will be done to all." "Well, well," I said, "if you admit that much, we will just leave the matter in God's hand; He knows what justice demands." The subject dropped, and we took up that of temperance, upon which we

were both agreed, and he gave me several illustrations of the good it had done in the neighbourhood.

My next place of meeting was called Crookshere, where, to the surprise of all the friends, there was a large gathering. Starting early on the following day, I reached Lennoxville at 9 a.m., by means of one of those lumbering clumsy machines called "stages," and after waiting two hours for a train, reached Richmond Junction in good time.

I had two crowded meetings in Richmond. At the conclusion of the first, a man came forward and expressed his great pleasure at meeting me. On being informed that he came from Denny, I said "I have often been at Denny, did you ever hear me speak there?" "Yes," he said, "it is just twelve years last Sabbath since I heard you in the Established Church there, give a discourse on Esther and Mordecai, and on the Monday the wife and myself took the pledge, and began in downright earnest to study, if not political, at least domestic economy. At the end of five years we had saved a good bit of money. We came out here seven years ago, and have now a farm of a hundred and fifty acres. So you see, from being a printer in a printfield at Denny, abstinence has raised me to be a farmer, or, as we would say in Scotland, laird of a hundred and fifty acres of land." At the conclusion of my second lecture, a vote of thanks was proposed and carried. Scarcely, however, had I begun to acknowledge the courtesy of the meeting, when the whole assembly burst out in a fit of coughing. Perfectly bewildered

and not knowing how to account for such conduct, I was just about to come down upon them with a torrent of indignation, for attempting to cough me down after having awarded me such a hearty vote of thanks, when a gentleman came forward and said, "Mr Easton, some mischievous person has put pepper on the stoves." This peppering of the stoves was to me a new idea. It was a kind of opposition I had never met before; but for the time being, it was a most efficient one. The meeting had to be broken up, notwithstanding that doors and windows were thrown open. Knowing the cause, there was something exceedingly ludicrous in the sight of a congregation dismissing, every one trying to cough as little as possible, and yet every one coughing louder and faster than another.

The "Good Templars" attended both meetings in great force, and wearing, as they did, their respective badges, had a very imposing appearance. They reminded me of days long gone by, when, as "Rechabites," we adorned ourselves with "sashes" and "rosettes," virtually saying to the gazing multitude, "if you will not join us for the goodness of our cause, will you not do so for the sake of the ribbons."

On the 25th of March I returned to Montreal, and my meeting in the evening—all things considered—was the best of the course. This chapter may be closed by a brief statement of my labours in Montreal and the provinces. I addressed thirteen meetings in the provinces, with an aggregate attendance of nearly 4,000; and twelve week-day meetings in Montreal,

with an aggregate attendance of twelve thousand. I addressed two Sabbath evening temperance meetings, and gave six addresses for as many ministers; so that, from the 16th of February to the 25th of March, I would, at the lowest calculation, address 14,000 people.

The friends in Montreal treated me most handsomely; and from Mrs Telfer—daughter of my late beloved minister, the Rev. John Dobie, of Langholm—I received very great kindness, being her guest during all my stay in the city.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

DEPARTURE FROM MONTREAL—JOURNEY—STUMPS—ARRIVAL AT TORONTO—A SABBATH IN TORONTO—AYR—GUELPH—MEETINGS IN TORONTO—GALT—PARIS.

AT 8.30 p.m., March the 26th, I bade farewell to the kind friends at Montreal—a few of whom accompanied me to the depot, and saw me safe "a board" a "sleeping car." Those sleeping cars are an excellent "institution." Nothing was to be seen but snow, so I turned into bed at once, and enjoyed a pretty good, though not altogether undisturbed sleep.

When I turned out on the following morning, we had reached Kingston—a town standing at the east end of Lake Ontario—and which, in 1860, contained a population of 13,000. Here we were allowed

time for breakfast, and some of us were ready for it. "It's braw to be hungry and ken o' meat."

After we left Kingston, patches of "mother earth" were visible, and the further we got west, they became larger and more numerous. Owing to the great depth of snow, I had never seen a "stump" in Lower Canada; but they made their appearance as I entered Canada West. Standing in thousands, they are so many monuments of the past, and indications of the "good time coming," when, like their own great trunks, they shall be taken out of the way, and the golden grain wave over the ground they now cumber. In the meantime, they stand in the way of the husbandman, very much as distillers and drink-shops stand in the way of the moral reformer. The removal of the former, however, is much easier than the overthrow of the latter, and when removed they are not so likely to return. Still, before these moral stumps are removed, both time and "stumping machine" will have to do their respective work. In a conversation I had with an old friend of our cause, Mr Naismith of Toronto, he said, "I was one of the first who stood by John Dunlop, when he began to advocate the cause in Glasgow. I said then, and the longer I live the more I am convinced that I was right, that the best plan is to go to the root of the matter, and put a stop to the traffic at once."

Without saying whether he was right or wrong, I asked, if he did not think the best plan a man could adopt, who had bought a hundred acres of "bush," was just to pull up all the trees at once, burn them,

and proceed to sow wheat there and then? "O well, it would be the best plan, but then it is impossible," he replied. "Just so," said I, "in regard to your plan of dealing with the drink traffic; it is the very best plan, but it is impossible to carry it out." What then? Are we to fold our hands and do nothing? Certainly not; the farmer in the "bush" teaches us a very different lesson. He knows that he cannot clear his lot in one year, but he goes to work, cuts down the trees, burns the trunks and branches, digs around the "stumps," sows wheat, plants potatoes, and lives upon these, until time has so destroyed the roots, that, with the aid of a pair of oxen and a "stumping machine," the stumps can be removed with comparative ease. Now whether we think a similar plan the best or not, it is the one which necessity will compel us to adopt, and the sooner we see this and go to work accordingly, the sooner will the moral wilderness be cleared of "*devil's stumps*," and the time come when it shall be said—

> "Where briers grew midst barren wilds,
> Shall firs and myrtles spring;
> And nature through its utmost bounds
> Eternal praises sing."

After a journey of 333 miles, I reached Toronto, and found friends awaiting me at the station. I took up my abode with Mr Morrison, who, on leaving Montreal, had taken Mrs Easton with him. We would be wanting in gratitude, were we ever to forget the great kindness which we received from Mr Morri-

son and his amiable wife, during the few weeks we spent under their hospitable roof. On Sabbath forenoon I attended Divine service, at an Episcopal church, but found the "painted pastures" not at all suited to my taste. The service, which lasted an hour and a half, was nearly unintelligible to me, and seemed too like a mere performance; whilst the reading of the text and sermon occupied just fifteen minutes. In the afternoon, I attended a congregation of "darkies," as the negroes are here called, and felt much more at home. The congregation sung with all their might, and we got a good substantial sermon from the text, "He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." It was to me not more novel than interesting to worship with a congregation of coloured people. Many things connected with their history came into my mind, and I thought how interesting it would have been to have heard the Rev. Dr Wallace, of Glasgow, preach to such an assembly.

On the first of April I reached Guelph, and there, according to previous arrangement, met our highly esteemed friend, Mr Robert Reid. We were happy to meet with each other. He introduced me to my first audience in Guelph, and when doing so, almost made me blush. The place of meeting was crowded, and equally so on the night following; while on the Sabbath, I addressed at least a thousand people. On Monday evening, we had a meeting in the Primitive Methodist Church, which was quite filled; and on Tuesday evening, we had a soiree in the Drill Hall, attended by fully eight hundred persons.

Guelph is a fine town, standing on the banks of the river Speed—a tributary of the Grand River—and has a population of from 5000 to 6000. The town would look much better were it not for the many sign-boards, and the peculiar way in which they are fixed, from the door step to the chimney top, on every place of business. The people are evidently firm believers in sign boards.

I met many old friends in Guelph, and none with more delight than James Ferguson from Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, whose visit to Langholm, twenty-five years ago, as agent of the Western Temperance Union, I had never forgotten. He is as enthusiastic in the good cause as ever.

Returning to Toronto on the 10th of April, I delivered a course of five lectures—all of which would have been better attended, had the same tact been displayed in getting them up that was manifested in Montreal.

The "bars" in Toronto must shut at 7 o'clock p.m., on Saturday, and remain so till Monday morning. This law is well enforced. Toronto seemed to honour the Sabbath day, which augurs well for the future prosperity of the place.

The city of Toronto is laid out in a very regular manner. Its streets run east and west, north and and south, and, of course, cross each other at right angles, which makes its topography very easy to a stranger. Its streets are broad, and the "lang toon o' Kirkcaldy" is short in comparison with some of them. Where the thoroughfare is great, the streets

are Macadamised, and very much disfigured with street railways. Like the citizens of Boston, they consider these a necessary evil. At certain seasons, many of the streets are not unlike ploughed fields. As a general rule, there is a row of trees on each side of the street; and the footpaths are of wood, which, when rightly fixed, answers the purpose very well.

In the principal streets the houses are of stone or brick, and seldom more than three stories in height; but in the majority of streets, the houses are of wood, and usually not more than one storey high. The public buildings, such as the University, Asylum, Hospital, Colleges, and many of the Churches, are substantial and elegant, and would do credit to any city of a much more ancient date. Its stores in the two principal streets—King and Young Streets—would stand a favourable comparison with any in Edinburgh or Glasgow.

From the brief description given, the reader will see that some time must elapse ere a Dr Begg, or any one else, be required in Toronto to raise a cry against over-crowding or want of fresh air. There is plenty of room, abundance of good air, and yet drunkenness abounds. In Toronto, then, drunkenness must be attributed to something else than over-crowding or bad air; and perhaps Dr Begg, though not given to yielding, might be constrained to put the saddle on the right horse, and credit the foolish drinking usages of society with the sin and misery of our prevalent drunkenness.

So far as I am aware, there are no cotton or woollen factories in Toronto; but there is a brewery

and a distillery. A foundry exists, and is mostly engaged in making rails and chairs for railways. During the late war, three tobacconists fled from the South to Toronto, commenced business in the city, and now employ a number of hands. There are several coach-builders in the city; but when I was there, they had to suspend nearly all their ordinary business to make "velocipedes." "Next, and what next?"

The prosperity of the city, however, depends principally upon the productive power of the surrounding country. When the produce of the land is plentiful, there is sunshine in the city; when otherwise, it gets under a cloud. It has of late become the principal centre into which flows the produce of the West, and from which this produce is exported. In this respect, Toronto threatens to put Montreal into the shade. I cannot state the total amount of its exports, but in 1868, pork, to the extent of thirty thousand carcases, was packed and exported.

Slaughtering swine is done rapidly and scientifically. So rapidly is the work said to be done, that pigs can be killed, dressed, hung up, at the rate of one per minute. There may be exaggeration in this, but it did not seem to me so improbable after Mr Morrison showed me a slaughter-house and the *modus operandi*.

After leaving Toronto, I visited Hamilton, and on the 14th and 16th had two excellent meetings. Going on to Galt, I had five large meetings, and was told there had been nothing to equal them since Mr Gough visited the town. Galt is situated in a narrow valley, and the Grand River runs nearly down the middle

of it. The inhabitants, more than in any place I had visited, consisted of people from Scotland. Mr Robert M'Lean, Secretary of the Society, was from Inverness; Mr M'Lauchlan, whose guest I was during my stay, was one of two who, thirty-five years ago, signed the pledge at Bucklyvie. He was a tailor, and his customers, under publican influence, withdrew from him, so that he was literally starved out of the place. He went to Barrhead, and frequently had the honour of having James Stirling as his guest. It was interesting to hear his glowing accounts of the nights spent with Stirling, and to witness his profound veneration for our departed friend.

Mr M'Lauchlan, like some more of us, in his early teetotal days, allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion, and by going deep into the "wine question," ran his head against a rock—or what is much the same thing—a kirk session. Though subjected to a vast amount of trouble and vexation at the time, he is far from repenting of what he then did. He still maintains that he was right on the main point, and hopes to see the day when intoxicating wine will be banished from the table of the Lord, and the "fruit of the vine" occupy its rightful place. When I was with him, Mr M'Lauchlan had run his head against another rock of the same kind. Having attended revival meetings, and listened to the singing of hymns, he had been called before the session of which he was a member, and informed that he must be subjected to church discipline on account of such conduct. True to his

antecedents, he could not see that his brethren were right and himself wrong; and had told them that, rather than submit to be censured for such a thing, he would leave their fellowship, and go where he would be at liberty to repeat what he had done, as often as he had opportunity. O! what degenerate times we live in, when a Donald is to be found, here and there, who will not "gang awa and be hanged just to please the laird."

The most touching incident I met with in Galt was the following:—Walking, one day, along the street, a man came up to me and introduced himself as James Beattie from Langholm. I said he had the advantage of me, for really I did not know him. "You cannot remember me," he said, "but you would know my father, Willie Beattie. He was long an elder in the Townhead, and thirty years ago, I heard you deliver your first speech, with the Rev. Mr Dobie in the chair. I was but a boy then, and have never heard you since; but last night, whenever you began to speak, I knew from your voice who you were." The reader may think that in all this there was nothing very touching. But if he has as good reason for being attached to a minister as I had, and twenty-five years after his death, and 4,000 miles away from the place where he lived, laboured, and died, he hear his name brought up as I did that of Mr Dobie, he will find that there is more of the touching in such an incident than at present he may be able to suppose.

From Galt I went to Paris, but owing to the excitement caused by a damaging flood, not more

than 100 persons attended my meeting. Arrangements were therefore made that I should return at another time, and deliver at least two lectures.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

EGLINTON—UXBRIDGE—LEASKDALE—PORT PERRY—WHITBY—OSHAWA—BOWMANVILLIE—NAPANEE—HAMILTON—TRIP TO THE WEST—JAMIE HENDERSON.

On the 26th of April I returned to Toronto, and found a conveyance waiting to take me to Eglinton. There was a large meeting, but for the first time I found myself in a place where no one knew me. On the following day, I went east to Whitby, distant about thirty miles from Toronto, and thence northward to Uxbridge. The road was wretchedly bad; the "stage" clumsy and painfully jolting, but my seven hours' torture was soon forgotten after being seated at the fireside of Willie Welsh, from the parish of Ewes, Dumfriesshire. Uxbridge contains a population of about 1000, and is well supplied with churches and schools. I held five meetings in the place. During my stay, the Rev. Mr Douglas from Morebattle drove me to Leaskdale—a distance of seven miles, where we had two meetings, and enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs Leask, sister to our good friend Mr Sydingham, near Turriff. Thence I went to Port Perry, where there was a large meeting, presided over by the Rev. Mr Jamieson from near Lockerbie.

From Whitby, where my meeting was small, I went to Oshawa, and spent the afternoon with the Rev. Dr Thornton—a man greatly owned of God in doing good, and who is held in high esteem in the district. The meeting, which was both large and enthusiastic, was held in his church. On returning to my lodgings, I was both surprised and delighted to find that my landlady was a sister of Mr William Davidson, Aberdeen—one of my oldest and most intimate friends. On the following evening, I had an equally good meeting at Bowmanvillie, where I was entertained by the Rev. Mr Reekie and his amiable wife. They were both from Thurso, so that we were soon at home with each other, and spent a most pleasant evening. Next day, I went to Napanee, and held three meetings in the place—none of them good. The Rev. Mr Kelly, from whom I received great kindness, drove me several miles up the river Napanee to a place called Newburgh, where there was a large meeting. There seemed to be more temperance life in Newburgh than in any place I had visited in Ontario.

As the places visited, since leaving Whitby, are situated near the north side of Lake Ontario and east from Toronto, I now turned westwards, and went direct to Hamilton. Here I was the guest of Mr and Mrs Young, and held five meetings, four of which were well attended. This success was, in great measure, the result of recommendations from the Revs. Messrs Ormiston, Pullar, Inglis, and other ministers.

From Hamilton I went a second time to Galt, and gave two more lectures. There had been a revival

movement, conducted mainly by two young men from Scotland, but differences had sprung up, and there had been some rather unpleasant work. A little injudiciousness on the one side, and a little too much caution and stickling for orthodoxy on the other, are frequently the means by which the devil succeeds in damaging, or even stopping, such movements. When good men are engaged in such work, they should not stop to fight about points in theology, which neither they nor their fathers have been able to settle.

From Galt I went to Glenmorris, a romantic village situated on the Grand River, and mid-way between Galt and Paris. There I met with several old acquaintances, and had the pleasure of addressing a fine meeting. On the following day I started early, and passing through Preston, Berlin, Waterloo, and Elmira, arrived at Glenallan about 5.30 p.m., where Mr Robert Reid and family gave me a hearty welcome. We had three meetings in Glenallan, and one at a place five miles farther north called Hulland—all of them well attended. From Preston to Glenallan is wholly a German settlement. This was evident from the names on the various signboards. The Germans were uniformly spoken of as a most peaceable, industrious, and economical people, They keep their homesteads very neat and tidy. There was no one with whom I was more delighted to meet, or more reluctant to leave behind, than Mr Robert Reid.

At 7 a.m. on the 14th of June, along with a cousin, we started for Chicago, from the Falls of Niagara. We reached Paris at 10.45, when Mrs

Easton left us, and returned to our friends near Ayr. From Paris till past London, the country is more undulating than in any other part where we had been. A considerable way onward from London, we took more than an hour to pass over what appeared little else than a swamp; we then passed over the flats of St Clair, keeping Lake St Clair on our right hand, while on our left, we had unbroken bush and clearance alternately. This, of all the localities I had seen, was the roughest, and least inviting to a settler.

As we approached Windsor—the most westerly point in that portion of her Majesty's dominions, things began to assume a very different appearance. It is a small place; but right opposite, on the other side of the river St Clair, stands the city of Detroit, of which, from Windsor, there is a magnificent bird's eye view. When we had crossed the river, we met with an acquaintance, who conducted us through some of the principal streets, which are very fine, while the stir and bustle formed a great contrast to the quiet dulness on the Canadian side. Leaving Detroit late in the day, we did not see much of the country; but what we did see very much resembled Ontario. When we turned out of bed at 5 o'clock on the 15th, we had just passed the city of Michigan, and were rapidly going along the shores of the lake, from which it takes its name. Passing through Chicago, so wonderful for the rapidity of its growth, we got into the State of Illinois, and after 130 miles' ride, found ourselves in the "prairie lands" of America. This was to me a novel scene. On every

side, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but one vast plain, stretching away west even to the valley of the Mississippi, and with scarcely a tree to intercept the view. "Cousin," I said, "this is a land good for cattle. No trees here to stop the progress of the husbandman. Nothing to do but yoke the plough, and go to work." "No," he replied, "there are no trees in the way, as with us, but there are just as few for fuel, fencing, building waggons and houses, so that the want of trees is not such a gain, as at first sight it might appear."

We reached Princeton, after having travelled 630 miles in thirty hours and a half, including stoppages, which did not exceed two hours.

Mr Fenwick Anderson, another cousin, was to have met us at Princeton, and convey us to his home, sixteen miles distant; but, to our surprise, he did not make his appearance. Confident that he would be on the way to meet us, we resolved not to hire, but set out on foot. Accordingly, we started on one of the most execrable roads ever man set foot upon. After tramping it for ten miles, all hopes of help completely faded, and we made six bold but unsuccessful attempts to secure a conveyance. We were told of a Wesleyan minister, who had a good horse and "buggy;" but we could not go and offer a minister hire. "Well, then," said Mr Anderson, "if you don't like to offer him money, go and say, if he will give us a lift, you will give him a sermon on Sabbath." "No, no," I replied, "that will involve more trouble than the assistance we would obtain. Let us just 'set a

stout heart to a stey brae.'" We did so; accomplished the remaining six miles, and reached our destination, though "weary and worn." We went early to bed, and enjoyed a sound, refreshing sleep; but when we awoke, felt disposed to say, "Up in the mornin's no for me," more especially as the rain was pouring down in torrents sufficient to satisfy the desires of any of the aquatic race. For two days it continued to thunder and rain, and rain and thunder, so that, greatly to our disappointment, we were prevented paying a visit to the Mississippi River. The weather having become fair, a pair of horses were "hitched" to a waggon, and we were taken round my cousin's farm, and away north ten miles to see a "prairie," on which only one or two "squatters" had settled.

A "squatter" is one who settles down, and proceeds to cultivate without having purchased the land. When the land is sold, he must remove; but is paid for what improvement he has made. It frequently happens that, before he is called upon to remove, he has saved as much as will enable him to purchase a small lot for himself.

The land surveyed, and in the hands of the Government, is in lots of eighty acres each, and a purchaser can have whatever quantity he desires. We were informed that farther west, the Government were giving free grants of good land to emigrants, on condition that they remain five years, cultivate a certain portion each year, and pay taxes upon the whole. At the end of five years, a legal title to the land is given. The man, then, who can raise a "span" of horses

plough, and waggon; build himself a "shantie;" put up a fence, and keep himself for a year, has no reason to fear for the future. He will have plenty of food for the body, but it was not so evident that food for the soul would be equally abundant. It seemed to me that those who accepted such tempting offers, would, for a time at least, be without some of those important spiritual privileges enjoyed in Ontario and Scotland. It is doubtless the will of God that these extensive plains should be turned to account, in the production of food for man and beast, and probably, this will never be accomplished, except by men willing to sacrifice many of the social and sacred privileges enjoyed in old settled countries. But why should not twenty or thirty families combine, settle down together, have a minister and teacher of their own, and so enjoy the ordinances of grace as at home? It is easy, however, to make suggestions, but a different matter to embody them in action. But notwithstanding my attachment to the land of my birth, rather than work, as I did in early life, for mere subsistence, with the Bible in my pocket, and trusting in God to keep religion alive in my soul, I would resort to that land where I might earn my bread with comparative ease, and, better still, secure an independency in old age.

On our return journey, we arrived at Chicago on the evening of the 21st, and spent the next day in looking through the city and calling on some friends. For bustle and activity, Chicago far surpassed any place we had seen since leaving Boston. Its fame for business had brought into it thousands more than

could find employment. It is good and extensive pasture which cannot be over-stocked.

We left at 5 p.m. and reached Detroit at six o'clock on the following morning; but instead of crossing the river and returning by the "Great Western," we took the "Grand Trunk," crossed at Port Huron, and went on until we reached St Marys. My cousin went forward to Ayr, and I went to Motherwell, where I had two excellent meetings in the Rev. Mr Hamilton's Church, and met with many acquaintances whom I never expected to see again on this side the grave. From Motherwell I went to London, a thriving city, beautifully situated on the river Thames—like the "great Babel" after which it is named. Its population has increased, during the last twenty years, from a few hundreds to 16,000. Its streets are wide, but very muddy; its stores are as good as any I saw in the dominion; while its churches will stand a favourable comparison with our own. The congregation over which the Rev. Mr Scott presides, had just erected a church at the cost of thirty thousand dollars, or £6,000.

I had five meetings in London, all of them well attended. On Friday the 27th, I attended a "pic-nic in the bush," near a place called Siloam, six miles out of town. The day was showery, and the committee wisely resolved to hold the meeting in a church, about a mile distant. Thither we went, and shortly after our arrival, the clans began to gather. "Buggy" came after buggy, and waggon after waggon, each bringing its load of well-dressed people, until there

was a congregation of thirty horses, and 200 men, women, and children. The work was all done by the male portion of the creation. Some chopped fuel, some erected a "crook tree," some washed cups and saucers, some kindled the fire, some brought water from the spring, and some infused the wholesome and cheering tea. The ladies, meanwhile, young and old, looked on with evident delight at the work done by the lords of the creation. The result was satisfactory, only I had been accustomed to regard preparing tea as included among "women's rights." Tea was served at 3 o'clock, speaking and singing continued till 6, and then each actor took the road that pleased himself.

In London, I met with many old temperance friends, and got more and more convinced of the great good accomplished by the Scottish Temperance League. In my travels, I met with hundreds who at one time had been connected with it, and who are now working for the good cause in Canada.

At home, we must go on sowing the good seed beside all waters, assured that there will be an abundant harvest, though we may not see the joyful harvest home.

From London I visited Goderich, Wroxeter, Chesterfield, Hamburgh, Platsvillie, and other places, which need not be named.

At Chesterfield I met Jamie Henderson, a well-known character in Selkirk. Jamie has a most retentive memory, and can give the date of every occurrence which has come within the range of his observation,

for the last forty years. Brimful of wit, gifted with good common sense, and possessing intellectual powers above mediocrity, Jamie ever keeps the fountain of conversation sparkling and flowing. After hearing many of his stories, and about to take farewell, Jamie said,—"Man, Easton, sit doon, and I'll tell you a real gude ane. Ye ken Fiddleton toll-bar? Weel, ance when I was gaun doon Ewes, I ca'd at the toll to get a dram, and when I gaed in there were three cheils sitting o'er a gill. Twa o' them were carters, and I could not say what the other was, only he was unca weel dressed. They were a' equally jolly. When I got a chance, I axed ane o' the carter lads, wha the weel dressed ane was, whan he replied, 'Od, I dinna ken his name ava; but he's a real jolly fellow, and I understand he *works a Kirk i' the farside o' Liddle.*'"

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## CHAPTER XV.

### FALLS OF NIAGARA.

BEFORE leaving Ontario, the reader must go with us to the "Falls of Niagara." We will start from Paris, a town that stands exactly where the Grand River and the River Nith unite, and flow on together to Lake Erie.

It is the 12th of June, and the weather is all that

could be desired. Old mother earth is adorned in her most radiant summer dress; and not a breath of wind ripples the water, or causes a leaf to tremble. The sky is unclouded, the sun shining forth in his glory, and everything betokens favourable weather for our intended trip.

Now that we have had breakfast, let us be off. At 10.30, we are to meet Mrs Easton and cousin Anderson at the railway depot; we have a hill to climb, and some of us are not swift of foot. We are in time, and yonder are our friends, "punctual as lovers to their tryste." They have had a pleasant drive this morning, and though not charmed with the music of birds, they have had plenty of the "whirring and birring" of frogs.

Our tickets are secured, the train is up to time, and not crowded, which is fortunate. "All a-board" from the conductor, a roar from the iron horse,—it cannot be called a whistle,—and we are off. That is Harrisburg Junction we have passed, where the Great Western and Grand Trunk Railways cross each other, both going to Toronto east and Detroit west, but by different routes. That is the town of Dundas lying down in the valley to the right, and yonder you see Hamilton five miles distant. We are past Hamilton and traversing a plain which, in all probability, was at one time covered with the water of Lake Ontario. There you see the masts of ships both on the right and left. The ships are passing through a canal by which Lake Ontario and Lake Erie are connected. It is said that if the Canadians were as

go-a-head as their neighbours, they would at once set about constructing a canal between Lake Ontario and the Georgian Bay, and thus shorten the distance, and lessen the expense of transit. We are now past St Catherine's, and if you look to the north, you will see nothing but what appears to be a dense forest. The whole of that district is settled; and the reason it appears so much like an unbroken forest, is the fact —to which I previously referred—that every farmer leaves so much "bush" standing on his property for fuel.

We now approach the railway suspension bridge over the River Niagara, and reaching our destination, repair to the hotel, assured that we will enjoy the scenery all the better for having had a good dinner. The dinner is good, though somewhat costly. Having attended to the claims of the stomach, we are now ready for what men, with more poetry than common sense in their constitution, would call the more important work. "Doing the Falls" is not every day work; we wish to do the thing in becoming style, and so engage a cab with a pair of handsome greys. Whatever may be the height of the "Falls," cab charges are high enough—four shillings an hour. But there is no escape. If we *will* dance, we must needs pay the piper.

"Now, coachman, let us know the place where Blondin, on the tight-rope, crossed the river, wheeling a barrow and carrying a man on his back." "There is the point, sir, from which he started." As we looked at the breadth of the ravine, not less than 1000

feet, and at its depth, from 200 to 300 feet, we agreed that the exploit was at once daring and presumptuous. But what will not some men dare for money and notoriety. To stand upon the brink of the yawning gulph, and look down for a few seconds, caused our very flesh to creep. We are now little more than a mile from the "Falls," and yet we can scarcely tell which way the river is running. Over all its surface, the water is bubbling and boiling, and causing wavelets to flow in every direction, as though it had been so stunned by the fall it had sustained as to be uncertain in which direction it could most easily get out of the way. After looking steadily at the river for a little, however, you become satisfied that it is moving, though not rapidly, to the north.

We are now opposite the American Fall—600 feet in breadth—and halt for a little, that we may feast our eyes upon its quiet graceful beauty. "The perfection with which the folds of that broad, living, spotless stream are draped together cannot be imagined, but must be seen in order to be thoroughly appreciated."

We pass on to the Horse Shoe Fall. Our coachman drove right up to the door of what seemed to be a hotel. Here we were received with great politeness, and invited to go to the balcony, whence we might have a view of the whole scene,—"Nothing to pay; walk up." This was all very well, but we felt very sure that before getting out, attempts would be made to lessen our capital. From the balcony of the house, we had a full view of the Falls,

and also of the Rapids, for at least a mile above them. The scene was one of terrific grandeur, and for a time we could not and did not attempt to give utterance to our feelings, but stood and looked in solemn silence. When silence was broken, it was by one of our company, saying, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty." "Very true," remarked another; "but if we turn from these rolling waters, and look at yon setting sun, we behold an object far more glorious. How is it, then, that while looking upon that more grand and noble portion of God's handiwork, we are not inspired with feelings akin to those which have now taken possession of our souls?" The answer is twofold. We are familiar with the sun, and are strangers to the Falls. Those who hang about this neighbourhood, for the purpose of fleecing visitors, are probably not so much affected by the sublime scene before us, as they would be by seeing a quantity of that abominable beverage, called green tea, poured from an earthen tea-pot. The other reason is, that the sun is distant while the Falls are near.

When we descended from the balcony, it turned out as we anticipated. One man would take our photographs in connection with the Falls; but we had come to see, not that we might be exhibited. Another assured us that we might, by turning to the right, have a glass of good ale; but we had come to admire pure water. A third very politely requested us to turn to the left, where we would see a great variety of ornaments, all the handiwork of Indians; but it

was God's handiwork, not man's, which we had come to see. But the truth is, having been told "there was nothing to pay," we made up our minds to bring nothing out but what we had taken in, and not to leave a cent behind.

We next visited the place from which the "Table-rock" fell some years ago. Here we found a blind man, who assured us he was standing on the rock a very short time before it fell into the unexplored abyss. He holds in his hand a prism, and invites visitors to look through it at the falling waters. There was something very touching in his words, when, on handing the glass to me, he said, "Please, sir, look at the Falls through this. They tell me it makes them appear very beautiful." It certainly did, imparting to everything all the hues and colours of the rainbow. When the prism was given back it was accompanied with a ten cent piece, for which the blind man appeared very thankful.

Our next visit was to the museum; but after what we had seen, stuffed birds, tigers, and serpents, Egyptian mummies, and even live buffaloes, were but tame affairs. We paid a shilling of entry-money, and as no person requested us to purchase any of the Indian curiosities, for sale in the lobby, so perverse is humanity, that we now invested a few dollars in toys for the "bairns."

We now crossed the river a short way below the Falls, by means of the suspension bridge which has lately been erected. The length of this bridge is 1184 feet, if I remember rightly, and the ravine over

which it stretches is, according to Sir Charles Lyell, 300 feet deep. We certainly would not have liked to cross such a chasm, upon an erection less substantial than this bridge. From its length, aud height above the river, the bridge appears to be the most light and unsubstantial erection possible. As we passed along it, Mrs Easton had to cover her eyes with her hands, and only now and again ventured to take a peep at the water below.

Having got safely to the American side, we crossed the branch of the river forming the American Fall, and got upon Goat Island. After going round it, and having seen the islands called the "Three Sisters," we ascended the tower standing on the east side of the Horse Shoe Fall, and within a few yards of the precipice. From this point we had a view equal, and in some respects surpassing anything we had seen. As we stood on the summit and, looking up the river, saw the waters come dashing down the rapids as if in haste to take the dreadful plunge, our friend Mr Gough was brought to our recollection, and we thought we saw and heard him giving that inimitable and sensational description of the pleasure party getting into the rapids, and, notwithstanding repeated warnings, going over the Falls to destruction.

When the river emerges from Lake Erie, it is bounded by low banks, and varies in breadth from one to three miles. For fifteen miles it runs quite tranquilly, and is interspersed with low wooded islands; while in all that distance its fall does not exceed as many feet. At the rapids it descends fifty feet in less

than a mile, and plunges perpendicularly down nearly two hundred feet at the Falls.

The Horse Shoe Fall is 1800 feet broad. The chasm below the great cataract, as we have said, is 300 feet deep, and from two to four hundred yards wide. Until it comes near to the railway suspension bridge, the river runs somewhat calm, but afterwards it dashes on with great rapidity. About a mile below the bridge it sweeps round a large circular basin called the whirlpool, and then takes a turn nearly at right angles to its former course. For the first seven miles after leaving the Falls, it descends one hundred feet; but after emerging from the gorge into the open flat country above Lake Ontario, it falls only four feet during the additional seven miles of its course. The quantity of water which falls over these rocks has been variously estimated. The most trustworthy estimate, perhaps, is that of Mr Barrett, which was deduced from three different observations made at Black Rock during the high water of 1838 and 1839. This estimate makes it amount to nineteen and a half million cubic feet per minute. The quantity, however, varies very much with the direction of the wind. A strong west wind causes the water at the east end of Lake Erie to rise several feet in a few hours; and so much more water is driven down the Niagara River at such times that the river below the Falls rises fifteen or twenty feet. A wind from the east produces a contrary effect—lowering the water at the east end of Lake Erie, and lessening the quantity of water which passes over the Falls. It is calculated that the river

has taken thirty-five thousand years to scoop out that deep ravine of seven miles long, forming the gorge below the Falls.

I do not attempt a description of the Falls. To do so would only be to add another to the long list of failures. All that I had heard or read about Niagara had failed to make any impression on my mind capable of being compared to those overwhelming and commingling feelings of wonder, awe, admiration, and delight, which filled my soul during the first five minutes of my visit to that scene of grandeur and of beauty.

The pen and brush have done much to place before the mind the character and appearance of objects in the natural world, but must ever fail when they attempt to pourtray such scenes as the Falls of Niagara. Even the senses themselves, it would seem, sometimes fail to produce the appropriate impression on certain minds.

A story is told of two gentlemen who, on one occasion, paid a visit to the Falls—one an Englishman, the other from the Emerald Isle. The Englishman was a great admirer of nature, and so soon as he beheld the Falls, burst into rapture, and began to call the attention of his Irish friend to the magnificence of the scene before them—to the majestic rocks rising up from a depth of nearly three hundred feet; to the mighty volume of water rushing and dashing on in its resistless and headlong course, and to the numerous trees which furnished the rugged and beauteous drapery befitting such a scene. Ere he

had exhausted his vocabulary in describing the scene, he had exhausted the little stock of patience possessed by his companion, who now exclaimed, "Hoch! and what is all the talk about. A rock is but a rock anywhere, and sure all the rocks you are making such a noise about are never to be compared to the rocks at Giant's Causeway; a tree is but a tree anywhere, and sure there is never a tree in America to be compared to the trees of Killarney; and as for the big river on which you have bestowed so much praise, sure and didn't we see a far bigger water as we came across from ould Ireland."

"Well," responded the Englishman, "if you cannot appreciate and admire the various points of beauty in such splendid scenery, surely your soul must be stirred within you, as you look up and behold that mighty volume of water, so symbolic of almighty power, come rushing, splashing, down yon rapids, and then, with a thunder roar, dash itself headlong into the deep unfathomable abyss." "Hoch, sure," said the imperturbable Irishman, "and there is nothing to hinder it coming down."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

FINAL VISITS—STARTING FOR SCOTLAND—IN MONTREAL—JOURNEY HOME—MEETING WITH LEAGUE DIRECTORS.

OUR time in America was drawing to a close. We had a few visits to make, a little work to do, and then

we would turn our faces homewards. On the 21st of July, I attended a temperance demonstration in Toronto—the Hon. Malcolm Cameron being in the chair; and on the following day went to Stayner—a rising village near the Georgian Bay—and held two meetings. Mr Hyslop, formerly of Innerleithen, although severely afflicted with rheumatism, travelled a distance of eight miles each night to be present. At Hamilton, on Monday the 26th, I had a large meeting in Dr Ormiston's church.

Returning to Toronto on the 27th, I found Mrs Easton had got safely back from Kettleby, where she had been spending a few days with Mrs Spink and Mrs Millard, intimate companions of her early years. The few days passed with these old friends were perhaps the happiest of the happy days spent by Mrs Easton in America. From Toronto we proceeded by Charlotte, Rochester, and Albany to Boston—a distance of nearly 400 miles.

On the morning of August 10th we bade farewell to those of our family who reside in Hyde Park; and, after a pleasant journey by the Vermont Central Railway, through a district of country magnificent in scenery, we arrived at Montreal at 9.30 p.m. During our stay in Montreal we were the guests of Mr Irwin; and never did man receive more kindness from another than I received from Mr Irwin.

On the 11th we went, with a pic-nic party, to a place some twenty or thirty miles up the river St. Lawrence. For nine miles we went by a canal which conducts past the Lachine Rapids, and after an

hour's sail up Lake St. Louis—part of the river St. Lawrence, we reached our destination. Dinner having been despatched, we adjourned to a fine shady grove, and spent four hours in various amusements. Before leaving the pleasant shade I mounted a stump, and spoke for twenty minutes on the claims of temperance —literally a stump orator, for the time. At four o'clock the bell rang, as the signal to get on board, and in a few minutes thereafter we were steaming down the river. After little more than an hour's steaming we approached the rapids of Lachine, the most dangerous of which is that of Sault St. Louis. The descent of these rapids in so large a vessel is fitted to create in the mind of any man a feeling of terror, but more especially in the minds of those who, like ourselves, had never witnessed such a scene.

The following account of the descent is by a correspondent of the *Detroit Advertiser*, and is better than anything I could give:—"At the foot of Lake St. Louis, on the south side, stands the Indian village of Caughnawaga. Here a boat comes off from the village, and brings an Indian named Baptiste. He is a fine-looking man about sixty years of age. He comes on board to pilot the boat over the Lachine, which is the last but most dangerous of the rapids. No man but Baptiste has ever yet piloted a steamer over these rapids. As the boat moves onward to the rapids, all the passengers, even to the novel readers, are anxious to get a good position in order to have a fine view of the heaving, breaking, and laughing water. As we enter the rapids, we appear to be

running upon a small grass-covered, rocky island. Indeed, the bow of the boat is so near that it seems to be impossible to clear it; and we look to see if the pilot is at the helm. Yes, there he stands. The captain is at his post in front of the wheel house, and the Indian with three other strong men are at the wheel; and as we look at the calm countenance of the Indian, and see that his bright eye does not so much as wink, but is steadily fixed upon his beacon, whatever it may be, and that the wheel is fully under his control, we conclude that his skill, care, and knowledge of the way are such that we may banish fear from our thoughts. Baptiste is a noble Indian: he guides the boat among the islands and the rocks, over the rapids and through the intricate channels, as easily as a skilful horseman reins a high-spirited charger. Quick as thought the boat glides away from those rocks which it appeared impossible to avoid; but the pilot apparently is insensible to fear, though not to the responsibility that rests upon him. He is aware, and all are aware, that one false move, and all is lost; for the current is so swift, the seas run so high, and the boat is driven so rapidly, that one touch upon a rock would shiver her to atoms. Although the passage of the rapids appears to be dangerous, a sense of pleasure and excitement takes the place of fear."

That my readers may have an accurate idea of the appearance of these rapids, I give the following graphic description of them from Johnston's "Notes on North America":—

"Let the reader fancy to himself a ledge of rocks

running across the river, over which the water is falling—to the eye, apparently from six to ten feet—into deep water below. Through this ledge is a narrow channel of deep water, where the rock has been torn away, and through which the river rushes with great velocity. Below this ledge, at a short distance, is a second ledge of rock, over which the water falls, and through which, as in the case of the first, a natural gap or sluice-way exists. Between these two ledges there is deep water; but the openings of the two are not opposite to each other, or in the same line. You must descend the one, then turn sharp, in deep water, along the foot of the first ledge, and, at the proper time, turn sharp again to go through the other. The channel is a true zig-zag, and to sail along it, in the face of a strong current and a heavy pressure of water, requires a degree of coolness in the principal man at the helm which demands a little consideration fully to realise. Four men at the wheel and six at the 'tiller,' to guard against accidents, steered us safely down; and it was beautiful to see with what graceful ease and exactness the prow of the long vessel turned itself to suit the sudden turns of the rocky channel."

After having got over the rapids, and once more into calm water, our feelings of anxiety, not to say terror, gave place to those of thankfulness for having safely escaped from such a dangerous position; at the same time, we felt pleased that the risk had been encountered. It is a short voyage, but one that no stranger ought to allow himself to be prevented from performing.

Arrived at Montreal, we went in the evening, along with Mr Irwin, to a village immediately behind Mont Royal, and addressed a meeting in the church of the Rev. Mr Gillies, who presided on the occasion. On the following day we crossed the river to a place named Lambert, and attended a pic-nic held under the auspices of the Sabbath-school belonging to the New Church Methodists. We spent a very pleasant day; and, before leaving, a gentlemen, in the name of the scholars, presented Mr Irwin (who is superintendent of the school) with an elegant ice water silver jug.

In the evening I addressed a meeting in the Baptist Church, and took farewell of our many kind friends in Montreal. The next day was wholly spent in driving round the city, that we might observe the great contrast between its appearance when wearing its winter garb, and when arrayed in its summer dress. Taking Montreal as a whole, it seemed the finest city I visited in all my travels.

We left Montreal in the evening at seven o'clock, and reached Quebec on the following morning.

Arrived at Quebec, we went on shore along with our old warm-hearted friend, the Rev. Mr Clark, formerly of the Free Church, Maxwelltown. After breakfasting, we had little more than time to take a hurried run through the city, but managed, nevertheless, to get a sight of the Plains of Abraham, where the gallant Wolfe fought and fell. Quebec was the only city in my travels which presented any features of antiquity. We sailed from Quebec at

9.30 a.m., August the 14th; and so bade farewell to America.

After a pleasant sail down the river for eight or nine miles, we passed the Falls of Montmorency. These Falls are over the north bank of the St. Lawrence, and from our point of view looked exceedingly fine. There is an unbroken fall from a height of 230 feet, considerably higher than that of Niagara; but as the body of water is comparatively small, the scene fails to produce those mingled feelings of wonder and admiration which are inseparably connected with a visit to Niagara.

During the voyage home, a requisition, signed by thirty cabin passengers, was put into my hands, requesting me to deliver a lecture on temperance in the "saloon." To this request I readily assented. The captain took the chair; and as the steerage passengers and as many of the crew as could be spared, were invited to attend the meeting, I had a pretty large congregation. Many of my audience had never heard a temperance lecture; they were all practically in favour of the drink, and some of them drank rather freely; so that I do not remember ever addressing a meeting with less hope of making a good impression. On the following day, however, I learned that the statements made had left deeper impressions on the minds of some than my lack of faith had permitted me to anticipate.

After a very pleasant passage of nine days and eight hours we stepped ashore at Liverpool; and after spending a few days at Penrith, Powfoot, and

Lockerby, visiting some of our relatives, we reached Glasgow on the 2nd of September, and found that the Directors of the League had convened a few friends to welcome Neil M'Neill, Esq., and myself back again to our native land.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

CONDITION OF TEMPERANCE—DUNKIN BILL—GOOD TEMPLARS —SONS OF TEMPERANCE—DR LEES QUOTED—CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

SINCE my return home, the question has often been put to me, "In what state did you find the temperance cause in America?" My answer to this inquiry will form this chapter, and the conclusion of my little book.* Temperance sentiment is much more prevalent in America than in Scotland. Abstainers are found more or less numerous in every locality; and many warmly sympathise with the movement, who have not openly identified themselves with the cause. Very many of the ministers of the Gospel are connected with the movement, and from no class did I receive a more hearty welcome or greater assistance. So far as I can remember, one or more ministers were present at every meeting I addressed, and at some meetings as many as six were present. Ministers belonging to the Methodists I found specially ready

* See Appendix.

to lend a helping hand. Of prohibition in the States, I have already spoken. In Ontario a Permissive Bill has been placed on the statute-book, and so they may be said to be ahead of us. This law is known as the "Dunkin Bill," and by adopting it, the inhabitants of any township can veto the common sale of intoxicating drinks. When the law was first put upon the statute-book, a few townships adopted it, but it could not be enforced, and at present it is not worth the paper on which it is printed. In no township in which I happened to be, did I find the bill enforced. Such, too, was the experience of David Macrae, Esq., when he passed through the country. To the same effect is the following statement of a writer in the *Edinburgh Daily Review*. In a letter to the Editor, he says, "In the *Review* you say, writing recently on the Licensing System, that the proposed 'Permissive Bill would prove to be unworkable, and that the attempt to put it into operation would be much more likely to do harm than good to the cause of temperance.' I am sorry to say that the experience of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario justifies that conclusion. In 1864, a Permissive Bill was passed for these two provinces, cited as the "Temperance Act of 1864," but commonly known as "Dunkin's Bill." This statute enacts that any thirty or more duly-qualified municipal electors of any city, town, township, parish, or incorporated village, may, at any time, by a requisition signed, require that a poll be taken to determine whether or not this Temperance Act be adopted. A simple majority decides the matter; and if in favour

of the bill, the municipal council has power thenceforward to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks and the issuing of licenses. By temperance men this was hailed as a great boon, and no time was lost in putting it to trial. It was carried in very many municipalities, for the temperance feeling is much stronger in America than in Europe; but the experience of six years shows that, on the whole, the Act is a failure. It is hardest to carry where it is most needed; and when carried, it remains a dead letter on the books of the municipality, because public feeling is hardly up anywhere to the level of the bill. This experience seems to indicate that drunkenness, like kindred evils, can be best destroyed, not by legal enactments, but by the Christian Church creating an atmosphere in which it cannot live. Better than all the quinine in the world is the draining of the marsh that feeds the fever."

In my opinion, the experience of Canada proves most conclusively, that unless we have a much more powerful temperance sentiment in Scotland than at present exists, a permissive bill put upon our statute book, so far from introducing a temperance millennium, would leave things very much as they are at the present time. However, it is so far good to have the tool ready for the workman when he turns up. When, more than twenty years ago, I visited Lerwick, in Shetland, there was just one plough in the island, and it was in the prison, and therefore of no use; but a man turned up who knew the value of the plough, took it out of durance vile, and did good service with

it. Let us cherish the hope that, ere long, the temperance sentiment in Ontario will be sufficiently strong to apply the Dunkin Bill for the utter destruction of the traffic in intoxicating drinks.

In America there is no national association, such as we possess, for carrying on the work of aggressive agitation; indeed there are comparatively few open societies such as abound among us. Perhaps fully one-half of the temperance men in America belong to one or other of the many Orders that exist, such as the "Order of Good Templars" and the "Sons of Temperance." Of such Orders I know comparatively little, and have not formed a high estimate of the service which, unless very judiciously conducted, they are likely to render to the cause of temperance; but it will give me great pleasure to find that this estimate comes far short of the reality.

The ritualistic wave has, of late years, been rising until it has not only overflowed societies calling themselves Christian, but even many of our clear-headed temperance organisations. By some these Orders were very highly commended to me, and by others they were as decidedly condemned. The Rev. Dr Marsh, late Secretary to the American Temperance Union, published a pamphlet written in opposition to these Orders; and, of course, the press has been employed by others, to refute his arguments and reply to his objections. Dr F. R. Lees, writing in the *Boston Nation*, says:—"Another great defect is the want of thorough organisations of all shades of temperance reformers for aggressive action upon the

'world' and the 'rings.' The various secret Orders have no doubt done much to conserve their members; but they are rather rival regiments than brigades in a common army united at once by an *esprit de corps*, and the inspiration of a noble and patriotic purpose—the overthrow of a common enemy." There is no doubt that the Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, and kindred associations, have done much good; but there can be as little doubt that much, if not all of this good, might have been accomplished by well-organised and vigorously worked open societies. Many of the most intelligent, conscientious, and earnest workers in our cause in America have refused to join these secret Orders, and the movement would have been in a much more forward and hopeful position if there had been less rivalry and more co-operation between the secret Orders and the open societies. Doubtless things will soon right themselves in America, and all sections of temperance reformers will ere long be found banded together, and working hand to hand. The work still to be done is very great, nearly as much so as in our own country. They have facilities and difficulties peculiarly their own. We wish them God-speed. It is not always safe to infer that what has wrought well or ill in America will also work well or ill in Scotland. The two countries are very different in social, political, and ecclesiastical circumstances. But we cannot be far wrong in saying, that in Scotland we should be taught, by what has taken place in America, to persevere in imparting sound temperance teaching to young and old; to insist on personal abstinence as the duty of

the individual and the safeguard of the nation; to preserve our temperance forces untrammelled by connection with rival political factions; to keep our temperance organisation as complete and active as possible, and to be united, energetic, persevering and hopeful in our great, noble, god-like enterprise.

# APPENDIX.

## DRINKING HABITS.

From "The Americans at Home," by David Macrae.*

THE main difference between the drinking habits in America and our own country is this—the Americans drink more at bars and less at home. Of native Americans the New Englander drinks least, the Southerner most. I scarcely ever saw liquors of any kind on the table in New England—in clergymen's houses never, except on one occasion, when a bottle of wine was opened at dinner, and even that turned out to be a delicate hospitality meant exclusively for me. I took none, and the bottle remained untouched, and never made its appearance again. Tea is commonly used instead of ale or wine, and

* The two chapters which form this Appendix are taken, with the kind permission of the Author and Publishers, from "The Americans at Home: Pen-and-Ink Sketches of American Men, Manners, and Institutions. By David Macrae. In two volumes. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas." These volumes are the most racy, genial, interesting, and instructive which have ever been written upon American men, manners, and institutions. We earnestly commend their perusal to all who wish correct information in reference to American society, past and present, black and white.

glasses of iced water are handed round at every meal. Even in the South you do not often see spirits on the table. What surprised me still more was to find that the Highlanders in America, despite the Highland tendency to conservatism in old customs, bad as well as good, had abandoned their old practice of offering liquor to visitors. In the Highland settlements, both in Canada and the South, I met with unbounded hospitality, but was never offered liquor except, I think, on two occasions. One of these only confirmed the uniformity of the contrary practice. After dinner (at which there was no beverage stronger than the delicious and unintoxicating wine of the country, pressed from the scuppernong grape), our host went and brought some whisky. I told him with thanks that I never tasted spirits. "No!" said he, with surprise; "well, we never use it ourselves; but I thought, coming from the old country, you would miss it!" It was not the first nor the fiftieth time that I was humiliated to find how much the poetry and the practice of Scotland had associated her name with whisky.

In Canada there used to be a great deal of drinking and dissipation at what are called "bees." At threshing, husking, or apple-paring times, the neighbours in country districts assemble to help one another. These occasions are called threshing bees, husking bees, &c. If you are building a house for yourself, one neighbour comes with his axe, another with his horses, another with his carpenter's tools—a score of them, perhaps, to help you—till the roof is over your head;

and you, in turn, are expected to help the next comer. This is called a raising bee. At these bees, whisky used to be drunk like water, but this feature is happily disappearing, and whisky giving place to coffee, cakes, fowl, and other wholesome refreshments.

But if the Americans drink less in the house, they drink far more at public bars and saloons. This practice is not confined to the poorer classes. I was surprised to see a class of men "liquoring up" at these bars who, in our country, would no more be seen entering a public-house than they would be seen entering a house of ill fame. You see merchants, colonels, generals, senators, and officers of State patronizing these open bars as freely as we patronize a flower show. I cannot say that I ever saw a clergyman amongst them. In some parts of the country the practice is discountenanced by all church members. It is one of the distinctions in America between "the Church" and "the world."

But saloons and bars are everywhere. Every steamer, every restaurant, every hotel has its own, where from morning till night you will see the barmen in their shirt sleeves hard at work compounding cocktails, morning-glories, tangle-legs, gin-slings, eye-openers, and other transatlantic refreshers, and handing them to the thirsty souls on the other side of the counter. The bar at Delmonico's or the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, is a sight worth seeing. The public bars in Mobile and New Orleans are also magnificent, some of them like gilded arcades, open to the street, and visible from end to end to all passers by.

There, on a hot day, you will see gentlemen swarming in and out, and a long line of perspiring barmen, in shirts and light pants, behind the long counter, mixing iced drinks and passing them across with as much rapidity as if there was a bet of a hundred dollars who should serve the greatest number within a given time. In these bars there are generally no seats. Gentlemen walk briskly in, step up to the counter, toss off their drinks, and go. No time is lost. An American can drink, but he cannot afford to waste time over it. But the number of drinks he will take at that bar before business hours are over would astonish people of the same class here. The liquor is generally taken in the form of cocktails—that is, mixed with water, sugar, and spices.

There is another class of people not given to slings or cocktails, who indulge in what are called "bitters." Bitters are advertised in every newspaper; placarded in every shed; painted in enormous letters on every fence, tree, and rock where a human eye may be expected to rest. I sometimes encountered these advertisements in Southern swamps and Western prairies, in places where one would imagine the only customers could be polecats, "bars," or buffaloes. The enormous demand that exists for these "bitters" might lead a stranger to imagine that some epidemic was continually raging all over the United States. On being tasted they are not found by any means so unpalatable as the mixtures that go under the same name with us. Let it be hoped that it was imagination, but some of them that I put to my lips con-

veyed to my mind a not very distant impression of whisky.

I have heard of a deacon who drew rein at a farm-house door on a very hot day. He was offered a glass of cider.

"Cider," said the deacon ruefully, wiping his hot brow with his pocket-handkerchief. "No; cider ain't allowed in the pledge; but if you'll call it apple-juice I'll take a drop."

The present generation of Americans give something stronger the name of "bitters," and take a good many drops.

You find, however, a far larger proportion of total abstainers—men, and especially women, who neither "liquor up" nor taste bitters—than there is in this country. The mass of the clergy are abstainers, which gives a powerful leverage to the temperance movement. Many also of the most prominent statesmen, orators, soldiers, and literary men in the country, are not only abstainers, but advocates of the temperance movement. Amongst such are Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greely, Wendell Phillips, and William Lloyd Garrison; Albert Barnes, Theodore Cuyler, Abbott, Hall, and Todd; General Howard and Senator Wilson of Massachusetts; while the Vice-President of the United States (Mr Colfax) is a prominent member of a temperance society formed amongst members of Congress. To these names might be added a vast number of others, less known on our side of the water, but almost as well known in the States. I have not mentioned men like Gough, De-

levan, or Neal Dow, because their celebrity is identified with either the Temperance or the Prohibition movement.*

The same holds true, though to a less extent, in the South. General Lee has had the reputation of being an abstainer since his boyhood; and we have already seen with what rigidness Stonewall Jackson, and Stuart, the great cavalry commander of the South, practised the same virtue. Most of the Presidents of the United States have been Southern men; and all of them, from Madison downwards, were total abstainers, until the chance accession of Mr Johnson. Grant also

* General Gregory, a Christian soldier of the same cast as Howard, is also a prominent advocate of temperance. It is told of him that, when his brigade was preparing for action at Gettysburg, the corps commander issued an order to supply the troops with liquor. Gregory rode up and said, "Is that order peremptory?" "Yes." "Then," said he, "I must resign my command. I shall undertake to do anything with these troops that can be done by brave men, but I will not undertake to control men who have been stimulated by intoxicating drinks." The commander reconsidered the matter, and revoked the order.

I have also mentioned Mr Beecher's name. He said himself that not only was he an abstainer, but his church might almost be called a total abstinence church, and was only one of thousands to which the same description would apply. He did not make the pledge a condition of membership, but people knew his views.

"The other day," he said, "a candidate presented himself. said to him, 'You don't drink, of course?'

"'Certainly not.'

"'You are a temperate man?'

"'Oh, yes.'

is said to have become one since assuming his present position.

The influence of example, however, is not so powerful in America as it is here. The tendency is for each person to consider his own example as much worth as any other body's. This increases the sense of individual responsibility, but diminishes the constraining force of conspicuous examples.

The fact at least remains that notwithstanding the higher position which the Temperance movement has maintained in America, more whisky is consumed there, according to population, than in Scotland. The annual consumption in America is equal to four gallons

"'An abstainer, I suppose?'

"'Yes, I may say I am.'

"'You would have no objection to sign the pledge?'

"'Well, no, I can't say that I would.'

"'All right; here is our form.'

"I put a pledge-card before him—we always have them at hand in the drawer—he put down his name, and I have no doubt," Beecher added, "he will remain firm. Good men here only want a straw to turn the scale, and fix them."

Much of the life of the Temperance movement in America is found in the churches. In so far as it is carried on independently, it has to a large extent re-organised its societies on the model of masonic lodges. The members are Brothers, Templars, or Sons and Daughters of Temperance; and their office-bearers are Grand Scribes, Worshipful Grand Patriarchs, and so forth. They have meetings and social gatherings, to which none but members are admitted; they recognise a closer brotherhood and act upon it; and are rather mutual insurance than missionary societies. Otherwise the difference is more in name than reality. The movement in our own country is rapidly assuming the same form.

for each person, as compared with two and a quarter in Scotland. In 1867, the number of places in England, Scotland, and Ireland licensed for the sale of liquor was 150,000; in the States only 130,000; but while the money spent on liquor in our three kingdoms has never been reckoned higher than £80,000,000, it amounts in the States to £130,000,000, without counting the imported liquors.

The comparative amount of drunkenness is not so easily determined. How unsafe it is to trust in such matters to cursory observation, was curiously illustrated by the fact that Newman Hall, of London, travelling in the States at the same time that Bishop Clarke, of America, was travelling in this country, said he had seen more drunkenness in London in a week than he had seen in America during his whole visit; while the Bishop had just been saying that he had seen less drunkenness in London in a whole month than he had seen in New York in a single night. The two statements are of course quite reconcilable, if taken to represent, not the actual amount of drunkenness, but merely the amount seen by two observers in different circumstances. I am disposed to think that Newman Hall's observation more nearly represents the actual state of things as visible to the public eye. I went to some of the lowest parts of New Orleans, New York, and Montreal, for the express purpose of seeing how they compared with the corresponding districts of London and Glasgow, but never saw such sickening and hideous exhibitions of drunkenness as are to be seen every Saturday night in almost any

Scotch or English city. If there are as many drunk people, the police must, by prompt apprehension, keep them off the street, and must apprehend them at earlier stages of inebriation.*

The calculations made as yet of the number of habitual drunkards in either country are necessarily vague, from the impossibility of securing the necessary data; but it is a curious fact that the same class of calculators, drawing their conclusions from the same class of facts, give exactly the same number of drunkards and the same number of annual victims for America as for Great Britain. In each country 600,000 habitual drunkards and 60,000 deaths annually through drink, are the numbers arrived at. Whatever may be the worth of the estimates in themselves, the coincidence is not without its value.†

* Police reports confirm this view of the case. The editor of a Montreal paper said he had never seen so many drunk people during his whole stay in that city as he had seen in Edinburgh and Greenock in a single night. And yet the Police reports of Montreal show 4375 arrests of drunk persons in 1866, and 4136 in 1867; while in Greenock (which is probably two-thirds the size of Montreal) the numbers were only 1899 in 1866, and 1750 in 1867; and even in Edinburgh they were but 4123 in 1866, and 3773 in 1867, actually lower than in Montreal, though the population of Edinburgh is probably half again as large.

† An eminent American physician, in a recently published work on American intemperance, reckons that of every 300 men in America, 122 do not drink at all; of the 178 who do drink, 100 drink moderately, 50 are occasional drinkers, 25 drink periodically, or, as it is vulgarly expressed, "go on the

## LIQUOR LAWS.

BOTH in Canada and the States, I looked with some interest into the working of the Liquor Laws, and the results of my observations can be summed up in two sentences. Wherever an overwhelming temperance sentiment exists—wherever, in other words, the majority of the people are opposed to the use of liquor—prohibitory legislation succeeds, and is attended with the most beneficent results. In all other cases it has proved a failure. I am sorry to say it; but the truth must be told; and if the truth in this case tells against the efficacy of mere legislation, it may perhaps indicate where the remedy is to be looked for.

In Canada, I found an Act in existence known as Dunkin's Law, and similar to the Permissive measure which is being agitated for amongst ourselves. This Act, after passing the Legislature in 1864, was adopted by sixty-two municipalities in Upper Canada, and by twenty-eight in the Lower Province; and already, in most of these, it is a dead letter. In some of them, no serious attempt has ever been made to

spree," and three are habitual drunkards. Then of the women: Out of every 700 there are 600 who never drink, 30 who taste wine, 17 who taste ardent spirits, 36 who use beer, 14 who drink "periodically," and 3 who are habitual drunkards. Thus, while fewer women drink than men a much larger proportion become drunkards—1 in every 33 women, 1 in every 59 men.

enforce it—people apparently satisfying their consciences by voting its adoption, and continuing to vote against its repeal. In other places where it had been enforced, the inn-keepers in revenge not only shut up their bars, but their whole accommodation for travellers. The result was described to me by a farmer who had himself voted for the Act.

"First week after its adoption," said he, "I arrived after a long drive at the inn. Nobody around; everything shut up. I went to the nearest house. 'What's wrong at the inn?' said I. 'Nothing wrong,' said the man; 'only Dunkin's Law, that's all.' 'But where is S—?' said I, naming the landlord. 'Vamoosed,' said the man. Well, I thought I'd go to the yard of the inn, give my horse a drink, and get home. But when I got there the pump was locked up too. I had not contemplated Dunkin's Act in this light before. I got into my buggy and drove off. I've let Dunkin's Law alone since then."

"But," said I, "why couldn't some one take the inn, and open it on temperance principles?"

"To be sure; why not?" said he. "But nobody did it."

"Then how have matters gone?"

"Oh, S— is back, and the inn opened again."

"And the bar?"

"Yes, the bar too."

"But what of Dunkin's Law?"

"Well, sir, I guess it's on the statute-book. If it don't do anything more, its a great moral protest against the traffic, sir."

It was a paper blockade. The law protested, and the traffic went on.

I found a similar state of things existing in some of the Prohibition States. In Massachusetts, the people were spending £2 per head on intoxicating drinks—a higher average than prevails in Scotland—and yet the Maine Law was the law of the State. "We are all for Maine Liquor Law," said one man; "but we are agin its enforcement." The law had gone further than popular sentiment would bear it out. People would not inform, juries would not convict, magistrates would not exact the penalties. Mayor Harris, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who made strong efforts to enforce the law in his own city, said it was the terror that the good men had of the bad men that was his trouble. "I could get no co-operation," he said. "Some would say behind the door,—'You are a clever fellow: stick to it; put them through,'—but the best men would not help me in the plainest cases."

In Boston, when inquiry was made into the working of Prohibition, the police reported 2000 places where liquor was being got in spite of the law. This was more by 200 than all the places licensed in the much larger city of Glasgow. The advocates of Prohibition said, "It is because our local authorities will not put the State law in force." The State accordingly, in 1866, put its own constabulary into Boston for the express purpose of enforcing the law. Seizures were made day after day. Colonel Jones was hard at work when I was there in 1867, and the traffic was

cut down to half its former proportions. But the people were not prepared for this. The "P.L.L." agitation, already referred to in a previous chapter, was got up; the liquor interest supplied the sinews of war; a majority was secured in the State Legislature; and the law of Prohibition was repealed.

These facts represent the side of the question most adverse to prohibitory legislation. But there are important facts also on the other side. It has to be admitted, first of all, that as a general (not a universal) rule, wherever temperance sentiment is strong enough to get the Maine Law passed, it is strong enough to compel the liquor traffic to withdraw from the public gaze. It was a new thing for me to walk for hours along the streets of a large and populous city like Boston and not see a single spirit-shop. That is one point gained. The traffic, no doubt, goes on; but it has to creep away into back streets, or conceal itself behind window-blinds that offer nothing but cigars, or soda-water, or confectionery, to the uninitiated passer-by. When the people become more vigilant, it has to supply its customers through clubs or city agencies, or under medical prescription. In desperate cases it has to betake itself to the exhibition of Greenland pigs and other curious animals, charging 25 cents for a sight of the pig, and throwing in a gin cocktail gratuitously. Natural history, in such cases, becomes a study of absorbing interest. People have no sooner been to see the Greenland pig once than they are seized with an irresistible desire to go back and see him again.

The traffic thus maintains an existence. But under such difficulties it can never go on to the same extent as when liquor is sold freely and openly. There is a large class of people in every community who will use liquor if they can have it in the ordinary way, but will not creep up back-stairs for it, or patronize the Greenland pig. The worst of it is that the class thus excluded is the class that could use liquor with most moderation; whilst the patrons of the Greenland pig are precisely those whom it is most desirable, for the sake of public peace and morality, to keep drinking facilities from.

The absence of these facilities, however, keeps vast numbers from drinking who are elsewhere enticed into public-houses by the allurements spread out at every corner. The furious opposition which the liquor-sellers make to prohibition in every form and degree, is proof how seriously it affects their trade. If the traffic could go on as well in back streets as in front ones, and behind false blinds as well as behind open bars, the publicans would let the Maine Law people have their way, and would laugh at them for their pains.

A comparison of the amount of liquor consumed in Prohibition States, as compared with those where the sale of drink is licensed, shows that the grog-sellers know what they are about.

In California, where there is almost free trade in liquor, the amount consumed in 1867 averaged $157 worth for each person. In Rhode Island, under a more stringent license law, and under circumstances

more resembling those of the Prohibition States, the average was still $45; whereas, in Massachusetts, under a Prohibitory law, the average was only $23, little more than a half; and in the State of Maine, where the Prohibitory law was enforced more rigidly, the average was only $13, being less than a twelfth of the proportion under easy license in California, and less than a third of the proportion under the stringent license law of Rhode Island. Or if we take three Prohibitory States (Massachusetts, Maine, and Vermont) and compare them with four License States (New Jersey, Rhode Island, Maryland, and Wisconsin) we find the three Prohibitory States spending $43,000,000 on drink (certainly an odd account of Prohibition!) but the four License States spending $137,000,000, or fully three times more, with 25,000 fewer people.

The same result appears if we take the same State under License and under Prohibition. We have seen that Massachusetts, in spite of the Maine Law, drank more, in proportion to her population, than Scotland. But Massachusetts, when she got a License Law, drank more than ever. In the single city of Boston, six months of License showed an increase of 5440 arrests.

Such, indeed, was the spread of intemperance, and its concomitant evils, under the laxer law, that the people took the alarm, and, after a year's trial, re-enacted the Prohibitory Law in a more stringent form than ever. Prohibition could not kill the monster, but at least it hampered and clogged his movements.

This effect is seen even where a large proportion of the people are against the enforcement of the law; while in places where the mass of the people have themselves adjured the use of liquor, and are determined not to allow the community to be disturbed and made liable to additional burdens by a drinking minority—in such places the law, when passed, is enforced with rigour, and the liquor traffic is literally stamped out. This is conspicuously the case in rural districts, where evasion is more difficult, and where—the eyes of a resolute public being on the watch—the carrying on of an illicit traffic to any extent becomes impossible. In many such districts the traffic has been swept clean away, with whatever of pauperism, immorality, and crime belonged to it. Even in cities, the traffic, though not annihilated, is driven too far underground for any but long-snouted and determined dram-drinkers to reach it. One gentleman who visited Portland, in the State of Maine, in company with a friend, told me that they hunted through the whole city on a hot day in quest of something to drink, but without success. Understanding that druggists were allowed to dispense a certain amount in cases of sickness, his friend went into a drug-store with his hand upon his stomach. But the druggist was too wide-awake, or had the fear of Neal Dow and the police before his eyes. He suggested pills, was ready to furnish *them* in any quantity, but would supply no whisky. They fell in at last with a sympathetic Englishman, who undertook to conduct them to a place where drink could be had. He led them to a

back street, and up two pair of stairs into a miserable "snuggery," where they got some stuff resembling soup and water, which the man called beer, and charged for as such. The others had something else, but all reported equally bad. "We sought no more," said my informant, "till we got out of Maine."

In probably no other city of its size is the law so resolutely enforced; but the fact and its lesson remain the same. When the people are determined, the thing can be done. Even as a legislative measure, Prohibition is a triumph of the good over the bad. But far too much is expected of it; and wherever it diverts men's minds from the moral movement on which its whole strength depends, and deludes a community with the idea that it can change its moral condition by a vote, it not only fails as a practical measure, but works mischief as a theory.

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